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BECAUSE.

BY F. L. S.

Because I love you, dear,
Much sorrow do I bear;
Yet joyfully those sorrows meet,
And with my lips I hold them sweet—
Because I love you, dear!

Because I love you, dear,
No jeweled crowns I wear;
But crowns of cruelest thorns to me
Are soft as rosiest wreaths could be—
Because I love you, dear!

Because I love you, dear,
I tread the darkness here;
But sweet flowers blossom in the snow,
And loveliest lights in darkness glow—
Because I love you, dear!

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEOPOLD, EARL OF ARDEN.

SOME little excitement had been caused in the household by a letter which Mme. Saint Luce had received from the earl of Arden, saying that he was passing through Paris and should be delighted to spend a day or two with her. Both husband and wife had been much pleased with the letter.

Lord Arden had not written to them, nor seen them, for many past years. He was quite a boy when he had visited Les Fontaines with his mother, the stately Countess of Arden, who was now dead. He had been a great traveler. He had been to India, tempted by all he read of the grand sport to be enjoyed there. He had been to Africa; he knew the River Nile as well as the Rhine. He had been to America. The Old and the New World were well known to him, and now he had resolved on coming home and living on on his own beautiful estate, Arden Towers.

His way to England lay through Paris, and as he remembered M. and Mme. Saint Luce with great interest and affection, he wrote and asked if a visit from him would be acceptable. They were both pleased, and Claire was never tired of asking questions about the great English earl who had traveled over the world.

There was no Claire when the Lord of Arden Towers had visited Les Fontaines; she was not born until some six years afterward. He expressed in his letters a great desire to see the young heiress of whose beauty he had heard so much. Claire was delighted when she read those few lines, and went off at once to discuss it with Miss Kent, who unconsciously shaped all her thoughts and ideas for her.

"A great English earl," said the girl, enthusiastically. "Of all the English titles of nobility I like that of earl best. Prince and duke seem to me rather heavy; count I never look upon as quite an English word. I like viscount, but not baron—that seems to me always half German. Earl is my favorite title. I am quite pleased that we have an English relative who is a great earl.

"They say," continued Claire, to whom the subject was full of interest, "that this earl is very handsome, and mamma says very proud. I like proud men; do you, Miss Kent? I mean the pride that makes a man stately and noble."

"My dear Claire," said Miss Kent, slowly, "I have had few opportunities of studying the characters of men."

She thought to herself bitterly that she had only known two—the dear old father who had been too weak to protect her, and the husband who had married her against her will, and then accused her of slaying him.

"I like my cousin's name," continued Claire—"mamma says I may call him cousin—Leopold, Earl of Arden. It is a princely name, Leopold; I always think of the Emperors of Austria when I hear it."

"You have singular associations with everything, Claire," said Alice Kent.

The young heiress could find no other topic of conversation except Leopold, Earl of Arden.

"We are one of the oldest and noblest families in France," she said one day, "yet we have but two houses, Les Fontaines and the Parisian house. Lord Arden, mamma says, has four. His real home, Arden towers, is in Kent, near the sweet southern seas. Then he has a palace in London: the Arden House, in Piccadilly. What a curious word Piccadilly is! He has what they call a moor in Scotland; Loche Foyl is the name of the place. Mamma says these Scotch moors are pictures of beauty, all purple with heather and gold with the yellow gorse. Then he has a villa at Cowes. I know what Cowes is like; mamma has some fine photographs of it."

"He will be here on Tuesday," added Claire, with a sigh of great content. "This is the loveliest month he could have chosen for seeing Paris—the month of May—the month of blossoms. Mamma says there is nothing so lovely as an English May day, but I think a Parisian one quite as beautiful."

She talked on gayly, never seeing that the beautiful face had grown white as death, and the stately, graceful figure was swaying like the leaves in the wind. A few minutes afterward she made some excuse and went to her own room.

Her very soul trembled within her; her heart was cold.

True, Lord Arden was nothing to her. He might come, and he might go; he might remain in the house a whole year without being seen once by her; but he was coming on Tuesday, May the twenty-fifth. The very anniversary of her husband's death! What did it matter that the lilacs and the guelder-roses were all out, and the laburnums in bloom. It was the most terrible of all the days in the year to her. She could see it, as she had read it in the papers, in letters of fire.

"He died on the evening of Tuesday, May the twenty-fifth."

And it was on this day, and no other, that Lord Arden was coming to visit the house where she was staying.

"It is only a coincidence," she said to herself. "There can be nothing in it;" but it brought the miserable past most vividly back to her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MAY.

A lovely May day, this Tuesday, which was the great anniversary of the terrible tragedy; a day brilliant and beautiful as that which dawned over England six years ago, and when Angus Graham Blair died that terrible death which aroused the attention of the whole nation.

"Tuesday, the twenty fifth of May!"

The words came to her with the golden dawn of the morning. Six years ago the birds had woke her, singing in the gardens of Colde Fell, and she had opened her eyes in her own room so wholly unconscious of the doom hanging over her.

"Great Heaven!" she said, "give me the grace to forget."

Then Claire came in, as she always did, with a warm morning greeting, and laid by her side a bunch of white lilies, still wet with the sweet May dew. She looked eagerly into the beautiful face, as she did every morning, then she drew back with a little cry of disappointment.

"You are not well—or you are not happy, carissima," she said. "You have that dreadful 'English teacher' expression on your face."

"Have I?" said Miss Kent, with a wretched attempt at laughter. "My face ought to reflect nothing but sunshine when it sees you, dear."

"He is coming to-day—this great earl. I wonder what he will be like."

"And I wonder," thought Alice Kent, "if this lovely, enthusiastic child will fall in love with him. I am afraid she will." And she wondered again, with a faint, vague wonder, what that happy love was like which turned earth into happiness, and would never, in its light and brightness, reach her.

"Mamma does not know at what hour he is coming; most probably in the evening. Do not laugh at me, Alice; you seem doubly sweet when I call you by that name; but I am restless. I wonder if, after all, I shall be disappointed. He may be a little, insignificant-looking man—it is just possible—instead of the stately earl of my dreams."

The whole day lasted bright and happy. Claire would not leave her, and kept her amused and interested by her comments on the "great earl."

At noon came a telegram saying that he would be there before seven in the evening.

"A very vague announcement for one who is counting the moments as I am doing," said Claire.

Yet the day passed quickly.

"I wonder," said Claire, somewhat abruptly, "what the great earl will think of you, Alice? He will fancy that we have the Queen of Sheba staying with us in disguise."

"The chances are that I shall not see him," replied Alice. "Madame is so kind to me when there are visitors, she will excuse me, I know."

"I am not so sure; I heard her tell papa how delighted the earl would be with you, and what an addition you would make to what she called 'the family circle.'"

The beautiful face flushed, and the blue eyes drooped.

"Madame is very good," she said; "you must manage it for me, Claire. I am not equal to an English earl."

"Yes, I will manage it," said the young heiress, with a wilful smile. "Mamma sent a most affectionate message to both of us, saying that she hoped we should join them at dinner at eight, but you would rather not go?"

"Much rather not," she replied.

"I will make all the needful excuses for you, and if mamma seems disappointed I will come and tell you."

"For I could not bear it," said Alice to herself. "Every hour brings back those horrible scenes. It was seven o'clock when we sat down to dinner at Colde Fell, and he was dead soon after nine. How could I talk, laugh, or sing on such a day?"

Yet the day passed as other days do; the sun shone, the birds sung, the flowers bloomed, everything went on as usual in the great luxurious mansion. Alice helped Claire to dress; she heard the arrival of the guests, and then she went to her own room, there to hide her beautiful face and graceful head, she hoped, without being interrupted.

She heard the clock strike six; at that same hour, six years since, she had gone to her room in Colde Fell to dress for dinner. She remembered her dress and the flowers she wore.

The clock struck seven. Six years ago, at that same hour, they had all sat down to dinner, quite unconscious of the fate and the horrible doom awaiting them.

The clock struck eight. That was the time they had gone into the drawing-room where the fatal coffee was brought.

She hid her face in her hands, shuddering.

"Oh, great and merciful Heaven!" she cried, "give me grace to forget."

The door opened, and Claire entered—Claire, looking rather paler than usual, and with great solemn eyes.

"He is here, Alice!" she cried. "He came before six; and, do you know, it seems so strange—he is just like the San Sebastian in the picture—tall, dark, and stately, with a face like a Spanish king!"

"And you like him very much!" said Alice, trying to throw off the black shadow, and smile.

"To tell the truth," she said, "I am just a little bit afraid of him. He is taller than papa, with a broad chest and broad shoulders, and with the face of a king. Alice, mamma has sent me to ask you, as a special grace and favor, if you will come down."

And so Alice Kent went, quite unconsciously, to her doom.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN EVENTFUL EVENING.

When she was ready—when the simple, elegant toilet was completed, Alice felt half ashamed and half afraid of her own majestic beauty.

Tall, stately, and statuesque—her magnificent figure fully developed—the thin, filmy lace showing the white, rounded arms, the gleaming shoulders, the white, graceful neck—she looked the very ideal of beautiful womanhood.

Her own loveliness and grace confused and surprised her. They had considered her beautiful at Colde Fell and Ardrossan, but Hester Blair was not to be compared with Alice Kent. Her face was flushed with the knowledge of her own fairness. She stood, tall and stately, before the great mirror, and Finette could not repress her admiration. The drawing-room, as was always the case in the evening at madame's, was well filled.

There were a number of beautiful women, richly dressed, with shining jewels. Alice saw gentlemen in evening dress, one or two officers in the imperial uniform; she recognized the English embassador, and several other very distinguished and important people. She tried to escape observation, entering the room as quietly as possible; but upon those who did see her, her wondrous beauty made a great impression. She went to a distant part of the room, where the fewest people were congregated; two magnificent palm-trees shaded a cosy lounging-chair, a lovely rose-scented fountain filled the air with perfume. She remained there alone for some time, thinking to herself what a warmed, perfumed, luxurious room it was. The sound of silvery laughter, of clear musical voices reached her.

Claire was the first who espied the beautiful woman in her leafy retreat. She was by her side in one moment.

"Oh, Alice, how good of you!" she cried. "I was half afraid to trust you, half afraid you would not come. Do you know," she continued, "when I look at you, Alice, I feel like a grand discoverer? I am so proud and happy to think that I found out your dear and beautiful face, and have brightened the world with it; but surely you are not going to shut yourself in with

these two palm-trees and one fountain all the evening? Mamma wants you to sing. She says there is nothing in Paris so beautiful as your singing of the old English ballads."

"I am glad that it gives her pleasure," said Alice, dreamily. "I will sing whenever she wishes."

"Every one is delighted with the great earl," said Claire. "He is by far the greatest man in the room, although the English and Spanish ambassadors are both here, and the Duc de Pontieres. Mamma is so proud of him."

Then Claire hastened away. The rose fountain sent its scented spray into the air; the light fell on the slender, stately young palms; the music of laughter and silvery voices floated round the room.

Alice was looking intently at the graceful palms; she forgot the horrible mystery of Colde Fell; she forgot even beautiful Paris and her kind friends. Her thoughts traveled to the picturesque and wonderful eastern lands where the pretty palm-trees grew.

She was recalled from her dream by shadows that fell over the rose fountain. She looked up suddenly; there stood Claire, like a fairy, in her white silk and floating lace, and by her side stood a gentleman. At first her eyes sought his face, then drooped as though dazzled. She had seen nothing like him in her life before; she hardly heard Claire's few words; she distinguished her own name and that of Lord Arden. She tried once more to look at him, to see what he was like; but once again her eyes fell, as one who looks at the sun and is dazed.

There could not have been a more picturesque group than that inclosed, as it were, by the tall, green palms; the lovely radiant girl, with her bright, English eyes, and white dress; the superbly beautiful woman, with her perfect face and graceful draperies; the tall, broad-shouldered man, with his dark, picturesque beauty. To Alice's intense surprise, he seated himself by her side.

"I did not expect the pleasure of finding one of my own countrywomen in the heart of this charming household," he said.

Claire's light laugh answered him.

"You are so perfectly at home in all countries," she said; "I should hardly think you know which your own countrywomen are."

"I could never be mistaken," he said, in a low tone to Alice. Then they began to converse about Paris, about the different countries he had seen. Alice grew interested. She forgot her shyness—she looked at his face, and lost herself in wonder. She had seen nothing like it in all her life. She could not tell whether it was most proud, most eloquent, or most spiritual. It was not like any other face she could remember, except the knightly one of San Sebastian.

She said to herself that it was for its strange, picturesque beauty that she liked to watch it.

What expression lay in the dark eyes, and on the dark straight brows!

It was the face of a man who had traveled—bronzed and bearded. Despite its beauty, there was nothing effeminate in it.

"Have you traveled, Miss Kent?" he asked.

"No," she replied—"it has been the one desire of my heart, but I have not been able to gratify it."

"Few of our greatest and best desires are gratified," he said; and then for the first time Alice noticed that there was a shade of melancholy in his manner.

Suddenly a branch of the tall palms was bent, and madame's handsome face looked in at them.

"A nice retreat," she said. "I am most unwilling to disturb so pleasant a group; but, Miss Kent, if you will sing some of your charming English ballads, I should be so grateful to you."

Before Alice had time to answer, the jeweled clock on the mantel-piece struck ten, and her heart gave a terrible bound.

Six years ago, just at that time, she had found out that they would arrest her on the charge of willful murder. Ah! if this most fatal day would end and another dawn! Madame mistook altogether the expression of her face.

"You need not be anxious," she said; "your singing will delight every one."

Lord Arden rose with a bow, and held out his arm.

"Allow me, Miss Kent," he said. "I can not tell you what pleasure it will give me to hear an English ballad once again."

And quite suddenly the spirit of song seemed to enter her heart and thrill every vein.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"CRUEL BARBARA ALLEN."

IN madame's salon, frequented always by the creme de l'elite, polite attention was always given when music was the attraction. At the very sight of that beautiful Englishwoman, led to the piano by the great earl, attention was at once drawn—that fair and stately woman who had been so greatly admired, and who had maintained such utter seclusion.

"Miss Kent!" murmured one mustached statesman to another. "Miss Kent!" whispered the exquisites who had admired her in the Bois de Boulogne.

There are voices and voices. Miss Kent's was not one of the most magnificent in the world. It had no great marvel of range, no wonderful high notes, but it was what is called a sympathetic voice or, as the French say, pleurs des larmes—full of tears. A rich sweet voice, low and full of melody, a voice that you would never hear on the stage. It was not large enough to fill an opera house, but it amply filled a drawing-room, and was like floating melody itself.

Lord Arden was standing by the piano; his eyes had never left the beautiful face of the singer; he wondered at its loveliness, its purity, and its passion.

"There never was such a face," he said to himself. He was quite unconscious that his eyes were drinking in her fair loveliness. He did not know that they were riveted on hers. And hers met his, as she sung those last words, "We might have been." What went from his heart to hers? What went from his eyes to hers? No words could explain it. It was quite intangible; but whatever it was, it seemed to take them apart from the rest of the world.

"Will you sing again?" asked Lord Arden; "my mother was a sweet singer, and she was very fond of that beautiful old ballad 'Barbara Allen.' Will you sing it for me?"

"With pleasure," she said; but there was a strange trembling of her lips. The last time she had sung it was to Sir Alan Fletcher, and he had told her laughingly that she would, under similar circumstances, have been more cruel than the fair Barbara, and she remembered how her husband, all the evening afterward, had called her Barbara Allen.

Dark and sorrowful memories, which filled her eyes with tears, yet she sung the song as it surely never had been sung before, and Lord Arden said to her, in a low voice, "You have brought my mother before me as I have not seen her for years. Once more, only once more," he pleaded. It was such a treat to him; he had heard French chansons, Italian serenades, and German lieder until he was tired of listening to them, but these old ballads that brought his mother so vividly back him were charming.

"Do you know those beautiful words of Shakespeare's, set to music, I believe, by Doctor Arne, beginning—

"'Blow, blow, thou winter wind'?"

"Yes," she said, "I know them well. I will sing them for you;" and the beautiful music again floated through the room—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

As she sang them there rose before her the terrible face of her dying husband. She had sacrificed her happy girlhood to him, and he had repaid her by branding her with murder before he died. Was any winter's wind so sharp, so bitter, so piercing as this?

Yet it seemed to her that she was singing to this stranger, who watched her with keen dark eyes—singing to him in this reproach she made to all mankind—the story of her life. The last words of the song died away, and it seemed to him who watched her that tears she would not let fall filled her eyes.

"You feel that song?" he said to her.

"I do," she answered, "I could not sing another word."

Then madame came forward and thanked her. The English ambassador pressed so earnestly for an introduction that Mme. Saint Luce could not refuse him, and the next half an hour Alice spent in talking to one who was acknowledged to be the most brilliant statesman in Europe. It was a new experience, but she was equal to it. He himself was astonished at her apt intelligence, her brightness and wit. He could not even guess at the terrible background.

And then she found Lord Arden by her side again. He was looking at her with grave, kindly eyes.

"I have come expressly to thank you, Miss Kent," he said; "I had no opportunity of doing so before. You have given me the greatest pleasure I have had for years. As a young man I was full of poetry and romance. I had lost some of it in travel, but it has all awakened at the sound of your voice. You have no idea how like it is to my mother's. My mother is the only love of my life, Miss Kent, or rather, I may say, 'was,' for I lost her years ago, and no one has ever taken her place. She was a beautiful, dark-haired woman, with white hands, and a soft, sweet voice. She sang always in the gloaming, never when the lamps were lighted. I wonder if she was quite happy, my dear mother? I worshipped her; her death nearly killed me."

"That was how I loved my father," murmured Alice Kent.

"Did you?" he cried, eagerly; "ah, then you can understand."

"Most perfectly," she answered.

"Will you forgive me if I ask you one question?" he said. "It may seem impertinent, but I hope it will not. How is it that you, who ought to be a queen, who ought to be a great leader in the world of fashion, you who have every attribute of magnificent womanhood—how is it that you are here, and occupying the position of companion?"

She turned her beautiful face to his with a rare and graceful humility that he never forgot.

"I think," she said, gently, "that you mistake me. My father, it is true, was a gentleman; my mother, although I do not remember her, was a lady; but my father was never rich. He was a doctor, and during the last few years of his life he was very poor. I came here when quite young as an English teacher in Paris. There seemed to me less drudgery in that life than there is in a similar position in England. I hope," she added, quickly, "that you will not like me the less for the honest confesion that I was not born in the purple, and do not belong to it?"

"Like you the less?" he said. "In my eyes truth and sincerity are the two greatest virtues in the world. I cannot tell you how I value them. My mother—you will think I am always quoting her, Miss Kent—my mother taught me to hate, fear and scorn a lie. Honesty and truth have a far greater charm than beauty, grace, or talent. Forgive me if I add one thing more; if you were not, as you phrase it, 'born to the purple,' you would, more than any one I have had the pleasure of meeting, adorn it."

Pleasant words, uttered by such lips to one who had heard herself called murderess and Jezebel. Her heart beat and her face flushed; never had such courtly compliments been paid to her before.

Then they talked about the gay and brilliant city, of the tragedies and comedies that took place daily there, and the more Lord Arden talked to her the more he admired her. She was so intelligent, so quick, her ideas so fresh and original.

It was the happiest evening that Alice Kent had known since, as Hester Blair, she had roamed the hill-sides. And the strange thing was that, although it was Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of May, she went to sleep without one more thought of the Mystery of Colde Fell.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE HAPPY DAY.

ALICE KENT had thought she was at the very height of human happiness when she found herself so completely at home and treated like a child of the house. She had yet to learn that she had but the faintest idea of what human happiness is. She began to find it now.

What, then, if she thought this man, who was to her a god amongst men—a knight, a crusader, a cavalier? He was there but for a time; he would be gone soon; in all probability she should never see him again. What harm could there be if she allowed herself to enjoy the pleasure of his society while he was there? She did not seek him; he sought her. Long before madame's luxurious slumbers were ended in the morning he was out in the fragrant gardens and the orange court, and when Claire asked him one morning why he rose so early, he answered her that he could never sleep while the sun shone and the birds sang.

"Nor can I," said Alice; "it seems to me a waste of time."

"I do not think I have missed a sunrise for many years," said Lord Arden. "To me it seems the most lovely beginning of any day, and no day complete without it."

"I love sunrise," said Alice, quietly.

"It seems to me that you and Miss Kent have similar tastes," said Claire.

"I am very happy that it is so," cried Lord Arden. "I certainly, and in every way, in every sense, in every manner, love nature better than art. I prefer the illumination of sunrise and sunset to the lights of a ball-room, and the song of the wild woodland birds to the strains of an opera."

"What terrible heresy!" cried Claire. "Why, Lord Arden, you could never marry a Parisienne."

"I never should, under any circumstances," said the earl, promply, and his eyes lingered on that beautiful face, but Alice never raised hers.

"I did not think that, outside fiction, men were ever like that," said Claire, vaguely.

"I am not at all the ideal man of fiction," said Lord Arden, with a laugh. "No lady writer would ever make me her hero."

"I am not so sure of that," said Claire, and the two entered on a very lively discussion.

Alice listened, her heart beating with the delight of his presence, her ears filled with the melody of his voice, her eyes charmed with the beauty of that face which was at once so noble and so tender.

Let her enjoy the one brief hour while the sun shone on the orange bossoms and he was with her. She smiled to herself as she owned that she had never seen sunlight so golden, leaves so green, blossoms so fair; the world seemed suddenly to have grown fairer; had the birds ever sung so sweetly before?

Then he left Claire and came to sit down by her side. A delicious feeling of happiness and rest came to her such as she had never known before.

And then they seemed to forget Claire, who tripped smilingly to and fro, feeding the white doves, and making her own comments on the two who were so engrossed in each other that even the doves were forgotten—smiling comments?

"If I had managed everything in my own fashion, and in my own way. She said to herself, "I could have done nothing better than that," What "that" meant she did not quite explain to herself.

Lord Arden obtained permission from madame to take the two friends to Versailles.

"It was not a French custom," madame protested, but as Miss Kent was an efficient chaperon, she permitted them to go.

That was the last day in May—the thirty-first—a day never to be forgotten by Alice Kent, a day on which it seemed to her she had a foretaste of Paradise.

He was so kind to her, so devoted; he never left her; he showed her everything worthy of note or observation; he surrounded her with such an atmosphere of care and attention as she had never known before. A day stolen from Paradise! The sun shone, the birds sung, there was a sweet, subtle odor of lilacs and orange-blossoms; but no music was so sweet to her as that of his voice.

"I will enjoy this day," said Alice; "it will be the only really happy day of my life. I shall never have another like it."

They wandered through the magnificent rooms where the beautiful Marie Antionette had brought all the grace of her presence; they went to the famous orangery. Ah, such a day! No other could be like it, dawn when it would! And as the day passed, she could not help a thrill of delight, for she saw that he could not endure to leave her for one moment; that if accident took her from his side, it was but to hurry back again.

Then they came back in the soft, sweet evening air. He drew the wrapper round her shoulders; he was so anxious, so solicitous that she should be warm and comfortable.

The stars were out as they drove through the gay streets of Paris, and Lord Arden turned to her suddenly.

"Miss Kent," he said, gently, "have you enjoyed the day?"

"It has been the happiest of my life," she answered.

"The happiest!" he repeated, wonderfully.

"Yes," she replied, "the very happiest; the memory of it will go with me like a beautiful dream to my grave."

"But you may have many more like it. One happy day does not fill a life-time."

"It will do for me," she said, gently; "I shall have no other like it."

"Pardon me," said Lord Arden, "you are young and beautiful; you have most probably a long life before you. What reason have you for saying that you will never have another happy day?" He was earnest, even agitated; he bent forward the better to see her, and she smiled faintly.

"How could it come ever again for me, just as it has been!" she said. "I may never see Versailles again. I may never see you again. No other May may be so fine and beautiful."

His eyes seemed to drink in every detail of that lovely face.

"You forget the old adage," he said, "History repeats itself."

She made no answer. She could not tell him that all the beauty of sky and earth, of May, with its lilac and orange blossoms, would be quite useless to her unless the charm of his presence were added to them. When the carriage stopped at the great door, and Lord Arden helped her to alight, Alice felt that he held her hand longer than was needful, that the clasp in which he held it was warm and close. He bent that handsome, stately head of his, and whispered:

"You shall have many more, and much happier days than this—days as fair as you are beautiful and sweet."

After those words she could not go into the drawing-room. She could not meet the gaze of careless eyes; her whole heart and soul were filled with something quite new to her, something that made her flush and tremble, and long to hide her burning face.

When she reached her own room she stood, struck with wonder as she caught sight of her own reflection in the long Psyche mirror. Could that superbly beautiful woman, with the fair, flushed cheeks, the bright eyes, and smiling mouth be herself? It seemed incredible.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"YES, OR NO."

WHY should he not marry her? He was accountable to no one living for his actions, and even if he were so he need not be ashamed of such a marriage. She, the beautiful woman whom he loved, was the fairest, where so many were fair. She would have graced a throne; she had about her that royal and perfect grace which makes a woman lovely, no matter what her features are like.

Why should he not win her and make her his wife? Lady Arden of Arden Towers! How royally she would fill the position! True that he could marry where he would; any duchess in England would give him her best loved daughter, and give her most cheerfully; but he was above all thought of marrying for anything but love.

He loved this fair young English lady, loved her with his whole heart, his soul bowed down in homage to her; he believed her to be the very incarnation of purity and of true and peerless, womanhood.

He quite decided that if she would accept him he would marry her; certainly he loved her with his whole heart, and if she would not be his wife he would never marry. With his usual straightforward way of doing everything, Lord Arden went straight to Mme. Saint Luce; living under her roof, and loving her protegee, he would not have remained half an hour without telling her what he hoped.

"Madame," he said, gently, "could you spare five minutes? I have something very particular to say to you."

"Come to my boudoir, Lord Arden," replied madame.

And in that cosy nest of warmth, luxury, and fragrance, Lord Arden told his love story.

Madame made one of the most charming of listeners, bright and sympathetic, and never was love story so honestly told. He commenced somewhat abruptly.

"Madame," he said, "I am in love for the first time in my life." Madame smiled and bowed, not knowing exactly what to say. "And I am in love with your protegee, Miss Kent, who is the fairest and sweetest woman I have ever seen in my life."

"I can not say that I am much surprised," replied madame. "I could not help seeing that you were much attracted by her."

"I love her," he said. "I love her, madame, with my whole heart; every aspiration of my heart finds its end in her. As she lives with you, and is in some measure your protegee, I thought it more honorable to mention the matter first to you, madame."

"Lord Arden is always the soul of honor," murmured madame.

"So far, then, as you are concerned, madame, I have your permission to ask Miss Kent to be my wife?"

"So far as I am concerned most certainly 'yes,' and I think Miss Kent a most happy and fortunate lady."

"Do you think I have any ground for hope?" he asked, diffidently, and madame looked at him with some little wonder. The mightiest earl in England uncertain whether he would be accepted by one who was, after all, but a companion. Yet, when she came to remember all that Alice had said at different times, that she should never marry, madame did not feel quite sure of it.

"If you asked me that question of any one else in the world," she said, "I should be able to answer 'yes;' for Miss Kent I can not answer."

His face fell.

"Why not, madame?" he asked.

"I have heard her more than once say she should never marry," replied madame, "and what she says, as a rule, she means."

"It might be different if she could learn to love me," he said, humbly and madame laughed.

"Do forgive me," she said; "but I can not think it would be difficult to learn such a lesson as that."

Lord Arden continued to state his plans, he grew so earnest; he was so handsome, so deeply in love that madame grew more and more interested, yet she owned to herself that she could not tell what Alice Kent's answer might be.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I HAVE LEARNED MY LESSON."

IT is not a very easy thing to daunt an ardent lover. Lord Arden, although wondering slightly that madame was not more sanguine over his wooing, did not quite share her sentiments; not for a moment that he thought his title, wealth, or position would dazzle the eyes or influence the decision of a woman so true and so noble as Alice Kent. Still he had some little reason for hoping that she cared for him; he had not forgotten what she had said about the one happy day at Versailles.

Alice, after enjoying in sweetest unconsciousness the first days of that beautiful dawn of love, had suddenly come to the knowledge of what was wrong. She had found out that, for the first time in her life, she was in love, and the knowledge was a terrible shock to her. She had thought herself so far removed by her trouble and her tragedy from any such fate. She had gone on blindly, believing that her great interest in him arose from the fact that he was so kind to her; but after a time the veil fell from her eyes and she said to herself that she loved him. At first, knowledge of it startled and frightened her.

"What right has Hester Blair with love?" she cried to herself.

Then the charm grew sweeter, more subtle. She made many struggles against it. She tried to avoid Lord Arden, and when he so eagerly tried to draw her into conversation she evaded his efforts. But the task she set herself was too difficult. She could not be indifferent to him—she could not avoid him.

"I need not," she said to herself one day, with a great burst of tears—"I need not; he will soon be gone. I may let myself be happy while he is here; I may enjoy his society and his conversation; he will pass away out of my life soon, and I shall see him no more. No one will ever know my secret, and through the rest of my miserable life I shall have one bright and beautiful memory."

She was thinking of these things—Claire had gone out with M. Saint Luce, and she had taken a book to her favorite seat under the orange-trees in the orange court—when suddenly, and it seemed as though in answer to her thoughts, she saw Lord Arden standing before.

"I am so glad to have found you, Miss Kent," he said. "I ought to have remembered that you would be here."

"Do you want me?" she asked, faintly.

"I do indeed. I want to have a long conversation with you. Ask me to sit down here by your side."

Simply and gracefully, but without words, she made room for him, and Lord Arden found a seat under the orange-trees.

His face was a little pale, and there were traces of anxiety in it, but his manner was grave and tender.

"Miss Kent," he said, "I wonder if during this conversation you would allow me to call you Alice?"

She looked at him half-doubtfully, half-shyly, wondering why he should wish that.

"You are not angry, I hope?" said the grave, tender voice at her side, "I think, when you know all I have to say to you, you will not wonder that I wish to call you Alice."

The beautiful lips relaxed into a smile so sweet and bright, his strong impulse was to catch her to his heart and tell her that he could not live any longer without her, but he retained it.

"You may call me Alice, if you wish," she said; "you would not do so unless you had good reason for it."

"You have great faith in me, Alice," he said.

"Yes, I have perfect faith in you," she replied.

"Alice," said Lord Arden, "I shall always think it was the hand of Heaven that sent me here. At first I thought I came here by mere accident, just because I happened to be passing through Paris, and I was anxious to renew my friendship with my distant relatives, Monsieur and Madame Saint Luce. I came for two days; I have been here nearly two weeks. Do you know what has been my attraction, what has kept me here, charmed, spell-bound; so that it was impossible for me to get away? Do you know?" he repeated passionately.

"No," she answered, gently, "I do not, Lord Arden."

"It was you?" he cried. "From the first moment I saw you until now, I could not leave you. I repeat that Heaven has sent me here, but how little did I dream that waiting here for me was 'the queen' whom I have longed all my life to know and to love. Oh, Alice! do not think me presumptuous for speaking to you soon, but my very heart seemed to be on fire. I could wait no longer. Alice I love you, and I want you for my wife."

She was almost frightened at the terrible rush of emotion that made her faint and tremble. Her heart beat; her hands quivered. Great Heaven! was it possible that this man—whom she looked upon as a god amongst men, whom she had loved as the moth loves the stars, who had seemed far above her as these same stars were—loved her? It was incredible and impossible.

"I found here," continued the grave, tender voice, "my queen, the fairest and sweetest woman living on earth; and the moment I saw her I loved her. That moment, even, it seemed to me as though the quest of my life was ended, and my heart was at rest."

Had Heaven any sweeter music than this? Surely, she had thirsted for it all her life. Let her drink now—drink her fill! She was like a thirsty heart at a well of deep water.

"I love you, my beautiful Alice," he continued, "and I should think myself the happiest man on earth if you would promise to be my wife."

But the reality of happiness is silence, and Alice could not speak. Her very soul seemed held by a spell which one word would break.

"I can give you, Alice," he continued, "what perhaps few men have to offer—the first whole love of a man's heart. It is a richer gift than gold, dear. I have loved no other woman until I saw you; no woman's face has touched my heart or my fancy. If you can not love me, no other woman shall ever be my wife, and I will go unmarried to my grave."

So sweet, and so new, such words to her! She had not known that life held anything so beautiful.

"I do not wish to startle you, Alice—if you would but let me say my Alice! Oh, my darling, if you would but trust the happiness of your life to me. I am afraid I plead badly, but I do not believe any man has ever loved a woman as I love you."

She raised her happy eyes for one minute to his face; but what she saw there blinded her—dazzled her! Ah, Heaven! to be so dearly loved! His tender words fell like drops of balm and honey on her heart. She had never dreamed that earth could hold any joy like this. In that supreme hour of happiness she forgot everything except that she loved, and was beloved—everything else.

"Alice, do you think you could love me?" asked Lord Arden. The eyes she raised to his had in them the purity, the innocence, the faith of a child; they were the eyes of a happy child who had roamed the hill side. "Will you try?" he asked, and with a happy smile, such as had never been seen on her face before, she answered:

"I need not try. I have learned my lesson."

"You love me, Alice?"

"I do," she answered, and the next moment she was clasped in strong, loving arms, to a strong, loving heart.

"Will you be my wife, Alice?" he asked.

She forgot everything in the wide world as she answered:

"Yes;" and the perfume from the orange-boughs did not seem so sweet to him as that one word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIRST western lawyer—"A penny for your thoughts." Second western lawyer—"I was thinking of Solomon and his three hundred wives. What an amount of divorce business he could have thrown in a man's way."

Bric-a-Brac.

BURNING FOR TWELVE CENTURIES.—There is still burning in India a sacred fire that was lighted by the Parsees twelve centuries ago. The fire is fed with sandal and other fragrant woods, and is replenished five times a day.

COCKROACHES.—Cockroaches are never wittingly slain by Chinamen. They consider them sacred insects, and think it portends ill luck to step on them. As they never make any effort to exterminate them, the Chinese quarters are usually overrun with these pests.

NEVER TOWARDS THE NORTH.—The Japanese never sleep with the head to the north. This is because the dead, in Japan, are always buried with the head in that position. In the sleeping rooms of private houses, and of hotels, even a diagram of the points of the compass is posted upon the ceiling for the convenience of guests.

MORE RAIN-MAKING.—A French savant has been "rain-making" by a process different from the American one of exploding dynamite. He sends a lightning conductor into the clouds by means of a kite, and discharges the electricity of the clouds, thus producing condensation of the vapor and, as he alleges, rain. The experiments are still in progress.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR OLIVE OIL.—In southern Germany for some years past oil has been produced from the beech-nut. It has given great satisfaction as a substitute for olive oil, but has not come into general use because the production is small. One reason why more has not been done in the production of this beech-nut oil has been the great scarcity of the nut in certain years.

INSTINCTIVE.—A native writer praises the English as the cleanest people on earth, and declares: the reason for our extra cleanliness is because the fogs and smoke of our island would make it the dirtiest people in the world but for our instinctive cleanliness. The concluding paragraph of his appreciative remarks is worth quoting: "It is to the magic of the tub and the towel that the matchless complexions and the superb figures of the English women are due."

PURE AIR.—Pure air, like pure water, is colorless and odorless. Smells are suspicious. Be certain when an odor is detected that there is something in the air which should not be there; if permitted to remain it will cause trouble. Pleasant odors, like the breath of flowers, or the fragrance of balsam, new-mown hay and pines, are fluctuating; nature does not waste her sweetness. Unpleasant odors are pervading and get stronger as a warning of their danger. If the offending cause is not removed instantly health will begin to decline.

WHY SO CALLED.—In modern music contralto is the voice intermediate in quality and range between soprano and tenor, having a usual compass of about two octaves upward from the F below middle C; it is the lowest of the varieties of the female voice. In mediæval music, in which the melody was either in a middle voice or passed from one voice to another and utilized only male singers, the upper voice was naturally called altus. As music for mixed voices developed, that female voice which was nearest the altus, and thus most contrasted with it, was called contralto and alto.

TRULY COMIC.—A Chinese company has produce a 3,000-year-old comic opera in Sydney. A local paper observes that a Chinese opera is like no other entertainment upon earth, except possibly a million iron tanks falling into a gully full of cats and trombones. There is no scenery, and the orchestra, in its shirt sleeves, occupies the back of the stage. When any player's back-hair gets adrift, owing to excessive exertion, one of the orchestra rises, fixes it, and then goes back with an air of calm unconsciousness to his instrument. The orchestra consists partly of a Chinaman chopping wood, partly of another Celestial blowing with a horrible intensity of devotion a bull's horn, partly of a curious stringed instrument which makes a cry like an infant forty yards high crying in the night, and so on.

A BROWN PAPER MAGNET.—A very simple and interesting electrical experiment may be made with a sheet of brown paper, illustrating in a remarkable manner how the most astonishing effects may be produced by the simplest means. Take a sheet of coarse brown paper, and, after holding it before the fire till it is perfectly dry, fold it up into a long strip of about two inches wide. The magnet is now complete. To exhibit its attractive power, cut some strips of writing paper about three inches long and about as wide as one of these lines, then place them upon the table, three or four together. Now take the magnet and draw it briskly under the arm two or three times; its electro-magnetism is instantly developed, and becomes apparent when held over the small strips of writing paper, for they fly up from the table towards the paper magnet veritably "by the wings of lightning."

ISRAEL: "What an awfully shoddy girl Genevieve Flyaway is! Everything about her has the air of being marked down." May: "Yes, even her age."

THAT MOSS-COVERED LOG.

BY DR. G. M. WHITING.

That old mossy log in whose shadow I linger,
  Depicted by her, who most fondly I love;
Fell a prey to the past and winds of the winter,
  Which brought its rich crown from that high place above;
As it fell, so it lieth, where nature now covers,
  Its great shaggy body, with moss for a gown;
And making it dearer to two fated lovers,
  Who tarry, while cupids, their love making crown.

That moss-covered trunk of the forest I love it,
  All 'round it and in which the chipmunk doth play;
Where woodpecker pecks in response to the linnet,
  And old partridge drums in his odd noisy way.
I make my seat on it from morn till the gloaming,
  For well my heart tells of the comfort 'twill bring;
For there through the sunlight and shadow is coming,
  The darling who prompts me of moss logs to sing.

So I'll sing of that log that lay 'mong the beeches,
  As long as the heart beats, or breath come and go;
For in it I find a great comfort which teaches,
  That hearts are made one when together they flow;
So join me, my darling, and sing without measure,
  Reviewing my metre, while I beat the time;
And with it we'll place this dear log as a treasure,
  Among the great jewels we both hold sublime.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. CARLYON'S COUSIN.

NEVER, though my memory should yield up everything else which a stormy life has left imprinted upon it, shall I forget that little scene. My father, although his manner when he did come in contact with new acquaintances was always quietly courteous, stood perfectly still without moving even a feature, and with his cigarette still between his teeth. He did not appear to have heard the words of introduction. There was not the slightest smile of welcome upon his lips. His hands, instead of being outstretched, hung nervously by his side, and he did not advance a single step forward. The only change in his appearance was a curious glitter in his dark eyes and a slight compression of his thin, colorless lips.

A few feet away from him, Lord Alceston stood. I could see him plainly now, but had I not heard his voice and his name, I might with reason have doubted whether it were indeed he. The face was paler by far than I had seen him last, and his form, though still erect and graceful, was shrunken and thin. His cheeks, too, were hollow, and his face seemed sharpened.

He was standing now with his lips a little parted, and one hand raised to his head; and God forbid that I should ever again see such a look of horror on human face as was distorting his features as his eyes rested upon my father. It came and went like a flash. But I saw it, and it seemed to me that they must see it too. Between them Arthur Carlyon stood glancing from one to the other in blank bewilderment.

"Have either of you seen a ghost—or both—or what?" he asked, breaking a silence which, had it lasted much longer, I myself must have broken with a shriek. "Bernard, old chap, don't you feel well?"

It was all over. Lord Alceston seemed galvanized out of his stupor and was once more the well-bred dilettante man of the world. My father, too, had regained his naturally easy manners, and the usual courtesies passed between the two men. But I noticed that when my father's hand touched Lord Alceston's it seemed to send a shiver through his frame, and he dropped it as speedily as possible. There were a few words of invitation, a brief acceptance, and the three men stepped into the room from which my father had come.

What could have passed between them to cause the momentary agitation which both had betrayed? The more I wondered, the more inexplicable the whole thing seemed. I sat in my rocking-chair thinking, until my whole brain whirled and my reasoning powers were reduced to utter confusion. Then at last, moved by a sudden impulse, I started up, and wrapping a long dark cloak around me, I stole softly from the room, downstairs, and out of the open door into the garden.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A STRANGE CONVERSATION.

SITUATED as our cottage was, at a considerable distance from any thoroughfare, our blinds were always left undrawn, and our windows wide open in order to enjoy as much as possible the faint but fragrant night breeze. And so from the edge of the shrubbery fringing the lawn, where I had taken up my station, I could see with ease into the room where my father and his guests were.

At the further end Mr. Brown and my father were examining together a little pile of musty volumes, which I recognized as part of my father's choicest stock of rare books and first editions. Both seemed entirely engrossed in their occupation, and my father was evidently holding forth concerning his favorites to Mr. Brown with considerable warmth. It is strange how his appearance changes at times. Then, with his lips parted in a slight smile, and a bright, keen light in his eyes, he seemed transformed.

Although his face was aged and his brow furrowed, their disfigurement appeared more like the becoming traces of a studious life than the indelible marks of a deep sorrow and an ever-torturing anxiety. His upright mien, too, gave him a greater air of dignity than was usual.

It was evident that in the keen enjoyment of conversation with a sympathizer in his literary tastes he had forgotten for a while that other portion of his life which at times laid hold of him so powerfully, and which seemed to oppress him like a nightmare. I could not keep back a sigh of regret as I looked at him. If only he would be always like this! If only that other self, so mysterious, so depressing, would fall away! Life would be a very different thing for me if only this could come to pass. . . .

A little way apart from my father and Mr. Brown, and nearer the window, Mr. Carlyon and Lord Alceston were talking together in a low tone. I could not overhear what they were saying, nor did I try to do so. But it seemed to me that their conversation was no very important one, and I noticed that every now and then Lord Alceston cast a furtive yet impatient glance toward my father, as though anxious to speak to him.

Presently a servant brought in a tray with some tea and other refreshments, and in the slight stir which followed, the relative positions of the occupants of the room were changed.

While every one's attention was thus momentarily absorbed I saw Lord Alceston cross the room and whisper something in my father's ear. My father started, and I saw a strange look flash into his eyes and across his face. He hesitated only for a moment, however, then rising to his feet he followed Lord Alceston to the window. They stood talking there for a minute or two in a low tone, during which my father was chiefly the listener, and presently they moved forward together as though by common consent into the garden, only just giving me time to get behind a shrub before they were close upon me.

"Now, my lord, we are secure from listeners," my father said in a low, suppressed tone, "perhaps you can explain yourself here."

"As well here as anywhere," Lord Alceston answered. "I have very little explanation to give, though. I simply want to ask you a question."

"If it is one which I can answer I shall be glad to do so," my father declared quietly.

"There is no doubt about you being able to, Monsieur de Feurget," Lord Alceston said earnestly, "and a great deal to me depends upon your answer. It has reference partly to something which happened a very long time ago."

My father bowed his head without remark, and Lord Alceston proceeded.

"It is a strange thing, Monsieur de Feurget, that you and I should meet here. If what I am told is true, there was a tragedy played out upon that lawn, more than twenty years ago, in which my father was one who figured most unhappily, and there was a Monsieur de Feurget there, too! Are you he?"

"Yes! It was I."

My father's voice was calm and expressionless, yet I, who was watching him closely, could see in the clear moonlight the gray pallor creep into his face and the old look of trouble into his eyes.

"You were the Count d'Augerville's second, then?"

"I was. Not because I had any faith or sympathy in the justice of his cause, but because there was none else at hand; and besides, he had claims upon me."

"You were a friend of the household, Monsieur de Feurget? You knew his daughters?"

"Naturally. I was engaged to marry one of them."

"And you did marry her?"

"I did!"

"It was Marie, was it not?"

"Yes. The other, Cecile, was married to your father."

Lord Alceston paused for a minute, but I knew that the conversation was not yet at an end—that it had not yet, indeed, reached its climax. It seemed to me that he was nerving himself to ask a question, the answer to which he dreaded. At last it came, and I knew that I was right. For his voice had lost the quiet, easy ring, and the words came hastily, almost indistinctly, from and tremulous lips.

"Monsieur de Feurget, can you tell me this? When did she—Cecile—my father's wife, die?"

It seemed to me that my father shrank from answering, almost as much as Lord Alceston had from asking this question. A ghastly shade passed over his face, and he turned his head away.

"Lord Alceston, you had better not ask that question—of me. It will be better for you not to know," he said slowly. "It will, indeed."

"Monsieur de Feurget, I must know," was the grave answer. "It is necessary. Let me put it to you in this way. On that awful night when my father was murdered, there was a brutal crime committed in the East End. A woman, an unknown woman, was murdered in a most mysterious manner by a man whom it was proved had deliberately sought her out with that intention. You remember this?"

"Perfectly," my father answered. "I have reason to."

"Just so. You have reason to," Lord Alceston repeated. "You yourself, for some cause or another, were interested in this affair. At the inquest, you presented yourself and attempted to identify the dead woman. In this you were so far successful that on the ground of having met her once abroad, or some other equally insufficient pretext, you were allowed to undertake the expense of her funeral, and not only did you attend it yourself, but you did so in company with your daughter, Mademoiselle de Feurget."

My father's manner was changing rapidly. The unnatural calm had gone, and he looked anxious—even fearful. The tone of his answer, too, was sharp and suspicious.

"How did you know that?" he asked quickly. "My name did not appear in the paper."

"No; because you gave a false one," Lord Alceston answered. "But I know you may have had very good reasons for doing so! I am not your judge with regard to them. Only I know. And now, Monsieur de Feurget," he continued, laying his hand upon my father's shoulder, "tell me this, and for God's sake tell me quickly! Who was that woman?"

There was a short silence—short, but so intense that, while I crouched there with my eyes fixed upon the two men, I could hear the quick, hurried beating of my heart. At last, to my unutterable relief, my father broke the deep silence. Had it lasted but a few moments longer, I must have shrieked, for the tension upon my already overwrought nerves was nearly too much for me.

"You ask that question, Lord Alceston," he said, "with great confidence—almost as though you had some right to ask it. Yet, for your own sake, I would advise you not to press for an answer."

"An answer I will have," Lord Alceston said, his voice trembling with emotion. "I am told, Monsieur de Feurget, that that woman was Cecile d'Augerville, my father's wife. Was this so? You knew her, and you saw the dead body. Was this so?"

"It was."

There was a brief but awful silence. Lord Alceston stood with his face covered in his hands for a full minute. I would have given, oh, I would have given the world to have been able to go to him and try to comfort him. But I dared not, though the tears were in my eyes.

"Why did you not identify her?" Lord Alceston asked presently.

My father shrugged his shoulders gravely.

"Who would have been the gainer? I knew that your father had been deceived, and that he had married again. To have published the identity of the murdered woman would have been to bring disgrace upon you and profited no one. So I kept the secret."

"And, Monsieur de Feurget, how was it that you had any idea at all that the murdered woman in an East End lodging-house was your sister-in-law?"

"I will tell you. Just before my wife died she discovered that her sister was still living, and she made me promise to do my best to prevent her from declaring herself, and not to let her come to England if I could help it. I discovered that she had left for London and followed her. I had almost traced her out when I read of this murder in the vicinity where I knew she was. An impulse prompted me to go and look at the body. It was a terrible shock to me when I recognized her."

There was a question which Lord Alceston tried more than once to ask, but seemed to lack the courage. At last he asked it in a low, nervous tone.

"Have you any idea—any theory—as to the murderer?"

The question seemed to agitate my father almost as much Lord Alceston. He was white to the very lips, and for several moments failed to answer it.

"We had better not discuss that, I think," he said hoarsely. "We may have our ideas. Let us keep them to ourselves. It is not a thing to be whispered about."

Again there was a brief silence, which my father broke, speaking in a somewhat lighter tone.

"Come, let us go inside. I have neglected my guests long enough."

Lord Alceston remained for a moment without moving. Then my father went and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Pray come in, my lord," he said earnestly. "Remember that we two alone know of this thing, and with me it is buried."

Lord Alceston roused himself, as though with an effort.

"Thank you, Monsieur de Feurget. Yes, I will come in with you. But just one word on another subject. Monsieur d'Aubron was a guest of yours this evening?"

"Yes, he was; but neither a frequent nor a welcome one. In fact, it was his first and last visit."

"I am glad of it. I heard at the hotel that my cousin had been seen playing with him."

"I saw them playing together at the casino," my father answered, "and heard Mr. Carlyon promise to go to his rooms tonight. I knew that that would be a dangerous visit for your cousin, and he seems a nice boy; so I got them to come here instead, and have had the pleasure of balking Monsieur d'Aubron's little game."

I felt a great sense of relief at my father's words, for I saw that Lord Alceston was satisfied. The two men moved slowly away, and disappeared through the open window. Then I rose up, cramped and stiff, and softly crossing the lawn made my way to my room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A VAIN APPEAL.

I SLEPT badly that night, and remained in my room till late on the following morning. When I descended, just before lunch time, I found my father out on the balcony alone, lolling in a low basket-chair and lazily rolling a cigarette. I went out to him at once, full of the purpose which was in my mind.

He nodded a brief good morning to me, and went on with his task. I watched him for a few moments in silence. Then I drew a chair out to his side and sat down.

"I hope you are not going out this morning, mon pere," I said. "I want to talk to you."

He looked at me searchingly from out of his half-closed eyes, as though trying to read what was in my thoughts. But I had nerved myself to my task, and my eyes met his steadily.

"No, I am not going out yet," he answered. "My time is at your disposal. What do you want to say to me, child? Is it a new dress, or a hat from Madame Faveur's, or a bracelet, or what?"

I shook my head a little sadly.

"It is none of these things, mon pere," I said. "I have plenty of all of them."

"Then what is it?"

I took his hands in mine and stroked them.

"Mon pere," I cried softly, "I am not happy."

"Not happy!" He repeated the words

lingeringly, as though he found some sort of mockery in them. Then he looked steadily at me.

"Will you explain?"

"I will try," I answered, with a sigh, for his manner was not encouraging. "Do you suppose, mon pere, that a girl of my age can be happy without a single companion or relation and living somehow under a cloud? No, I am not happy. I am miserable."

"I am sorry for it," he said, a little coldly. "I have done my best for you."

"I think you have, mon pere, and I am grateful to you—very grateful. But, all the same, I am not happy," I confessed sadly.

"Will you try and explain yourself further?" he said.

"I will if I can," I answered. "Let me try and put my life before you."

I was silent for a few minutes, collecting my thoughts. When I was ready to commence his face did not please me. Its expression was hard and cold, and there was no promise of sympathy in it. But my mind was firmly made up, and no words or looks of his would have stopped me.

"I don't think I remember anything before the convent," I began. "I must have gone there when I was very young indeed."

"You were five years old," my father interrupted.

"Ah! I could not have been older. From the very first there seemed to be something strange about me. The other girls had all of them their fathers and mothers and brothers to talk about—had, many of them, the same circle of friends—and were always looking forward to holidays and fete days when they went home or their friends came to see them. With me it was all very different. I alone had neither relations nor friends nor home."

"You had me," my father interrupted.

"Yes, I had you. But how often did you come to see me, and how long did you stop when you did come?"

"I was hard at work earning money to keep you at the convent. Madame Duqueville's charges were not low, and I was poor then."

"I am not grumbling, mon pere, far from it. I only want you to see how lonely I was there, and how strange my position was. I had no idea even as to what my father's position was, or to what rank of life he belonged. Nor did I know anything of my mother. Sometimes, when I tried very hard to remember a little about my earlier childhood, I had dim—very dim—visions."

I paused, and let my eyes wander thoughtfully away, over the pleasant gardens and the bending pine trees to the long streak of blue sea far away in the distance. My father started a little at my last words, and letting fall his cigarette, leaned forward toward me with a half-questioning, half-startled light in his dark eyes.

"Visions? Memories? Bah! you can remember!" he exclaimed.

"No, that is true," I answered, with a sigh. "There is only one thing I want to remember: my mother's face—and that I cannot. Will you not tell me something about her, mon pere?"

He stood over me with flashing eyes and trembling lips.

"Marie! Did I not forbid you ever to mention her name? She is dead, I tell you, and that is enough. She died when you were a baby."

"You will tell me nothing about her; you keep me ignorant of everything," I cried sadly. "Oh, mon pere, I will complain no longer at our lonely life, I will worry you for nothing. I will content myself if only you will give me one thing—your trust, your confidence. I hear you walk restlessly up and down your room all night long; I see you shun all society and live alone, that you may hug the closer some secret sorrow; I see the lines and scars of a great grief written into your face, and I know nothing of it. I can offer you no sympathy, no comfort. I must live on, friendless and lonely, miserable in the shadow of your trouble. Only let me really share it and I will be brave—I will complain no more."

He turned away from me, and shook his head sadly.

"I cannot, child. It is impossible. The weight of it would crush you."

"Try me," I cried eagerly.

"I cannot."

"Then, for God's sake, let me go back to the convent again!" I cried passionately. "Let me go somewhere—away from here."

"Back to the convent! No, child, you must stop here. What could you do there at your age?"

"I could teach—teach music, and singing, and English enough for the little ones. At any rate, I should be no longer a trouble to you." I cried bitterly.

My father was very pale, and the hand which held his long cigarette shook. At first I thought that it was anger; since I have thought that it may have been some other emotion.

"I am sorry that you are so unhappy," he said slowly. "I did not know it. It is a new idea to me. I will see whether we cannot make some change."

And with these words he left me.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FEARFUL SECRET. "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?"

I KNOW all now. Neilison's story, told to me while we were clinging to the rock together on that terrible night, is true, word for word. Not that I ever doubted it; dying men seldom lie. But it all sounded so much like a wild romance that at times I almost fancied afterward that the whole story must have been some hideous nightmare which had stamped itself on my brain during one of the stages of the fever which nearly ended my days after my wonderful escape at Clanavon. But all doubt has gone now. Unwillingly enough, M. de Feurget has corroborated the facts. Cecile d'Augerville's vengeance has been a terrible one, indeed. Of my father I dare not think; neither of my mother, nor of myself. M. de Feurget's advice was good. I will take a little time to consider this matter before I act.

What have I done, I wonder, that Fate should apply such exquisite torture as well as heap such troubles upon my head? For months I struggled against the haunting memories of her face—and now, at the moment of my despair, Fate brings us together again, and tempts me even to madness. I thought her beautiful, even when I saw her in a dingy-looking lodging-house; here, wandering about those gardens by moonlight with her and out on the breezy cliffs seems like a breath of paradise to me. Fool that I am to revel in a joy which must fade away into bitter regret if ever I put out my hand to grasp it. And yet it is too late to be wise now—too late when the touch of her fingers, a single glance from her eyes, or a word from her lips, can bring joy bounding into my heart and send the blood coursing fiercely through my brains! Too late—too late! I love her—I, who have nothing for a heritage but shame, who have not even a name to give her.

I have been to see my mother. May God grant that some day the memory of that visit may fade away! She was at Gorton Park, in Leicestershire, always her favorite place, though my father seldom cared to go there. It was too much out of the world for him. For my mother, in her present condition, it seems the most fitting abode. Every word we spoke, and every little detail of our interview, are still burning in my brain. What relief can I hope to gain by writing it down? I scarcely know, and yet something prompts me to do so.

It was night when I arrived, and I was faint and tired with traveling night and day and with the exhaustion of tormenting thoughts. When they told me that her ladyship kept to her own suite of rooms, and that I was to dine alone, I think that I was glad. And yet it was an awful time I had in the old picture gallery, with Groves behind my chair, talking all the time and worrying because I could eat nothing. Sometimes I wonder that I keep sane—that my hot blood does not boil into a fever and my mind lose its balance. Trouble I could face, I think, as well as most men; but surely this thing that has come to me is outside the bounds of such things as men call trouble!

That night was like a night in hell to me. All round me, as I sat at that miserable meal, were the dark, stern faces of the Alcestons and Clanavons of former days, and it seemed to me that as the firelight flashed upon the oaken panels and time-stained canvases they were frowning down upon me as upon a usurper. It may be that my agony is stirring up strange fancies in my brain—it may be so. But it was a horrible thought!

Then came that meeting—that dreadful interview. I found her sitting alone by the fireside in a darkened room, unlit even by a single candle. But oh! the terrible look in her face! It makes my heart ache and throb with pity even now when I think of the agony which she must have suffered to have left such a stamp upon her features. Am I as much changed, I wonder? I look in the glass and I see deep furrows lining my forehead, black lines under my eyes, and hollows in my cheeks. Yet these all seem as nothing when I think of her branded face.

She drew me to her and kissed me quietly, and I stood by her side, holding her hand in mine. But her lips were as cold as ice, and her eyes were dry and burning. Alas! I fear that her tears were all shed.

"Mother," I said, "I have much to tell you. I know everything."

"I did my best to keep it from you," she answered.

"I know it. I should have done well to have taken your advice. It is too late now."

"Yes, it is too late now," she repeated, mechanically.

I stood back and spoke to her from among the shadows of the dim firelight.

"It was from Neilison that I heard it first. I had no idea that he was in hiding there when I went to Clanavon Castle. You know, mother, what I told you when you refused to let me share the full knowledge of this awful thing with you?"

"You swore that you would find out all for yourself. Oh, Bernard, my son! Bernard, why could you not have taken my word? You might have been spared all this misery."

I shook my head sorrowfully.

"I could not have rested, mother, until I had discovered everything," I told her. "The vague hint which you had given me—for it was nothing more, after all, than a hint—was working within me like a poison. I could neither sleep nor rest. I was more determined even than before to find out everything, only instead of working openly I saw that I must do so secretly. You would not help me; you only threw obstacles in my way. It was the uncertainty of it which tortured me most. It seemed to me that my father must be a man above suspicion. Whatever the cloud was, it could be cleared away. So I went to work. I went first to Mr. Brudnell, but he would tell me nothing. Then I determined to search my father's papers, and as those at Grosvenor Square had already been gone through, I went down to Clanavon Castle."

"It was Fate," my mother murmured.

"It seemed to me that Mrs. Smith behaved curiously about the key of the tower room, and down in the village they told strange tales of a light burning there at night. I, myself, saw it, and I became suspicious—of what I scarcely knew. I discovered certain proofs that the room had been recently inhabited, and I laid my plans. Hours after they had all gone to rest I rose softly and commenced a rigid search of the apartment. I need only tell you whom I found in hiding there. To my horror and amazement it was Neilson. He fled at the sight of me through a secret passage. When, at last, I caught him, we found ourselves like rats in a trap. The incoming tide had shut off our retreat, and when all hope seemed over, and we stood on the threshold of death, he told me all. He told me, believing that life was over for both us, and that I should carry this hideous secret in my heart for a few short minutes only."

"He should not have told you; not even then," she said, softly.

"He told it me to make death easier," I answered; "and it seemed then that it was so. That we escaped with our lives seems to me now nothing short of a miracle. When I recovered consciousness and they told me Neilson too lived, I could scarcely believe it. He was still dangerously ill, though, when I left Clanavon. Have you heard whether he is alive?"

"I had a letter from Mrs. Smith this morning," my mother said. "He is better, and talks of taking a journey."

"Is it safe for him?" I asked.

"His mother tells me that she herself could scarcely recognise him. He is wasted to a shadow and quite gray."

"Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow, indeed! Yet his reward is to come. Much is promised to those who are 'faithful unto death.'"

"Faithful unto death." She repeated the words with a suddenly softened look in her worn face, as though there were something in her thought of it pleasant to her. Could it be that she, too, was looking forward to that last release from the burden of our terrible secret? The thought made me shudder, and yet, after all, was it not natural? Had I not, too, had the same wish?

"Mother," I said, "I have more to tell you. You know about that story of the past?"

She bowed her head.

"I knew all."

"You remember about the duel? About——"

She stopped me with a shudder.

"I knew all," she repeated.

"You know the name of the woman who was murdered on that same awful night? You can connect—you have connected in your mind—that deed with the history of those distant days?"

"Alas! I have," she whispered, with a deep shudder.

"Neilson, too, saw that woman, and recognised Marie d'Augerville. He knows."

"My God!"

"He knows, but he will not speak. The secret is in our hands—yours and mine."

"What shall we do with it?"

"Ay, mother, you may well ask. It is in our own hands, to seal our own doom or to carry it with us to the grave."

She did not speak. I knelt down by her side and took her hands. They hung passively in mine. The glow of the fire was upon them, but they were cold.

"Another knows of it, you say? What does he bid you do?"

"Carry it to the grave. If we speak, who is the gainer? Who is there to profit by our shame? None. There is no male heir. The estates would go to the crown. If I die childless they also go to the crown. So must it be."

"He advises that?"

"Yes; and, mother, we must think of this. If we disclose one half of our secret we imperil the other—the darker half. Her identity would be established. The coincidence of the two deaths on one night would suggest—would give rise to speculation. The rest might follow."

"He is right. Bernard, my son, life is over for us both. For me, the worst is already past. The chords of my life are almost severed. I shall die. But you—all your life—God help you, if there be a God. Amen."

Then she gave a little low cry and sank into my arms. At first I thought it was death. But she recovered presently. . . .

In the morning she sent me away. We could bear it better apart for a while, she thought, without the sight of each other's misery. When she wanted me she would send for me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FASHIONS IN STICKS AND CANES.—"There are but few articles sold in the West End that are not subject to the fluctuations of fashion; and, although you might not suspect it, even the walking-stick trade is affected largely by the variations of its unwritten laws," declared a provider of those popular appendages and aids to progression to the writer, as they chatted at the door of his shop.

"Time gone by we did a rare line in malacca canes with silver tops or ivory handles; but now these are voted 'old-fashioned,' and plain sticks of hazel, cherry, ash, acacia, or vine, sometimes mounted, but oftener quite unadorned, are 'all the go.'

"To many men one walking-stick is sufficient, but, luckily for us, there are others who delight in having a selection to choose from. Indeed, I have customers who use several in a single day.

"For informal morning strolls 'whangbees,' bamboos, or sticks of ordinary wood, hooked at the top so as to be conveniently carried over the arm, are popular; while for an afternoon sauntering, when ladies are likely to be encountered, more elegant specimens of our art are put into requisition.

"Many gentlemen who travel in foreign lands make a practice of cutting likely stems that they may chance upon, and bring to us to mould and trim into shape, and there are not a few regular collectors of walking-stick.

"Highly artistic specimens of native carving as are many of the specimens brought in this manner together, they are often valued at quite prodigious sums, and when an historic association attaches to the article, of course the price goes still higher."

NATURE'S RESTORER.—The writer knows a man who is over fifty years old, and he looks thirty-five. His face is smooth, his eyes clear, and not a hair is white. It is true he lives a quiet life, and his pursuits are sedentary, but he attributes the continuation of youth to five-minute naps. "I cultivated the habit of sleeping off-hand when I was a youngster," he says, "and have kept it up ever since. I don't go to bed or lie down when I want a nap, but as soon as I feel drowsy I put my elbow on the back of my chair, rest my head upon my hand, and go off soundly for five minutes. When I wake up, I am in first class trim again. I have got so used to that way of napping that if I lie down I am wide awake in an instant."

NEW YORK imports annually 3,000,000 cases of fruit from the Mediterranean.

TOGETHER.

BY S. U. W.

What matter, dear, if vain and drear
Men say a world like this is?
What can they know who call it so
Of summer, songs, and kisses?
Life's sharpest thorns may well be borne
In this blue breezy weather;
We'll not complain of any pain
That finds us still together.

Together now, when roses blow
And youth blooms like the roses—
Together, too, at last, we two,
When life's dear story closes—
And one at last when we have passed
Pains, pleasures, pray'rs and praises,
And you and I together lie
Beneath the churchyard daisies.

A Girl's Mistake.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

I AM going up to town to-morrow, Nell," Malcolm said one evening as they sauntered up and down the terrace, one evening after dinner. "Have you any commissions? Not above a dozen, please; for I shall not have much time to spare."

"I won't give you any," and Nell looked up in playful reproof. "Yes, you can call at the milliner's in Oxford street, where we got the flowers for my last ball-dress. You will like that, I know; there are such pretty girls in that shop. And I want some things there."

Malcolm undertook the commission willingly enough. On leaving the shop, and while walking slowly down Oxford street, he met Owen Staunton. Owen would have passed without speaking, but Malcolm paused and held out his hand.

"Mr. Staunton surely," he said. "What a long time it is since we met? I am just going into my club to lunch; will you join me?"

Owen, after a little hesitation, consented. After all he had no quarrel with Malcolm; it was Nell who had deceived and fooled him, Nell whom he had vainly tried to hate, and who was dearer than ever to him now.

"And how are they all at home?" Owen asked quietly, as they sat opposite to each other at lunch. "It seems a long time since I was down in your part of the country."

"Yes; they will be glad to hear I have seen you," Malcolm answered. "We have wondered several times what had become of you."

Owen laughed a little satirically.

"So Miss Nell had kept the secret of his letters well," he thought, "after all." The idea flashed across his mind for the first time—suppose she had never received them? Such things had happened, letters had miscarried or gone astray, causing untold trouble to writer and owner. What if this should be the case now? He looked at Major Holt with an odd, determined gleam in his eyes.

"I had hoped to have come down to Elmstone to congratulate Miss Nell personally," he said quietly; "but I am leaving England soon, and I have so little spare time. Will you kindly take a message or a note from me to both your cousins, Major Holt?"

"Certainly—with pleasure."

Malcolm wondered a little at the young man's earnest tone; but an old friend, whom he had not seen since his return from India, entered the room, and, while he was engaged in discussing old times and talking over old pleasures with Colonel Vere, Owen Staunton disappeared from the room, and wrote his letters—a careless farewell to Dora, a last passionate appeal to Nell. Major Holt smiled and nodded as he took them from his hand, and promised they should be delivered at once.

Nell was in her room dressing for dinner when he arrived home, and Dora, who was on her way upstairs, volunteered to take the note up to her. She durst not open or destroy it just then; Malcolm might ask for it. She would keep it a little while, at all events, and see how things turned out. The chances were he would forget all about it.

"Did you get your letter, Nell?" Malcolm asked carelessly, at dinner. And Nell, thinking he referred to the one delivered earlier in the afternoon, answered quietly—

"Yes; it was nothing particular—only to congratulate me."

Malcolm, much to Dora's relief, said no more.

And so the time went on, all too quickly for Nell, and her wedding-day came at last. Very fair and sweet she looked in her white robes and misty white veil; and so poor Owen Staunton thought, as, from a dark corner of the church, himself unseen, he watched her come down the aisle leaning on her husband's arm. Nell looked anxiously round, shivering under the gaze of those furious eyes.

"What is it, love?" Malcolm whispered softly; and Nell clung tightly to his arm.

"I don't know. Oh, Malcolm, make haste!" she said faintly; and then, as Major Holt placed her in the carriage, Nell smiled at his anxious face. "It was all the people, I suppose. Oh dear, how glad I am it is over, that it will never come again!" she sobbed.

"Nell, dear, you don't wish it undone—you are quite happy?" Malcolm asked anxiously, as he took her in his arms and kissed her tears away.

"Quite happy," Nell sobbed. "Quite happy, only rather silly and nervous, Malcolm dear, that is all."

So Malcolm took his wife to Scotland; and, alone with him away from Dora, Nell could not fail to be happy. Day by day the memory of her love for Owen grew fainter and fainter, day by day she grew to love her husband better, till Nell learned to look back and smile at her girlish dreams, and think how much better and more enduring was the calm, tranquil affection she felt for Malcolm than the impetuous love of the past. There was only one cloud on her horizon—Dora was to remain with them—at all events for the present. Malcolm had put the decision altogether in Nell's hands, and said it should be just as she wished.

"I don't quite like the idea of turning her out, and I think you are prejudiced, Nell," he remarked; "but it shall be just as you like. You shall decide."

After that of course, as Nell said with a little discomfited shrug of her shoulders, there was only one decision possible—Dora must stay.

"How I wish she would marry somebody—only how I should pity the poor man!" and Nell sighed comically, as she wrote the kind little note that begged Dora to consider the Hall now, as always, as her home.

Dora, who was wise in her generation and appreciated the comforts of a large house and a carriage, was so pleasant and cordial on their return home, so anxious to assist Nell in her many little social difficulties, and gave up her place at the head of the table with such placid grace that Nell, always easily moved by any kindness, began to think she had been prejudiced, and that Dora was really as amiable as Malcolm and every one said.

"You are quite right, dear," she said penitently to her husband, after a grand dinner-party, at which Nell, in all her bridal finery, had presided with such sweet grace and pretty dignified airs that Malcolm was enthusiastic in his praise; "Dora is really very kind. I don't know what I should have done without her last night. And I think everything went off well; nobody took the wrong person in to dinner; and I didn't put any deadly enemies near each other."

"What did I tell you?" Major Holt put his arm round his wife's waist and drew her down on his knee. "You are not quite a Solomon yet, my child. You may be mistaken sometimes, like other people."

"It seems to me I am always mistaken—in people at all events," Nell observed half comically, half sadly. "Those I dislike generally turn out to be angels, and those I like and trust most to be—something quite different."

"Poor little woman!" Malcolm said soothingly. "Have you been so terribly deceived then?"

"Not in you. I have never altered my opinion of you. Now don't look so conceited." Nell pulled his mustache reprovingly. "You don't know what my opinion is."

"I know it is much better than I deserve." Malcolm put the little hand caressingly to his lips. "And now I am going to say something you will be sorry to hear, Nell. I shall not be able to accompany you to the Frenches' to-morrow."

"Why not?" Nell looked very disturbed. "I shan't go without you. Why can't you go?"

"I have some important business in London the day after," Malcolm answered, "and I must go to-morrow to be in time. I am very sorry, Nell; but it can't be helped."

"And I was going to wear my wedding-dress!" Nell cried. "I kept it for that party. And now you won't see me in it. Oh, Malcolm, do let me either go with you or stay at home!"

"I don't think that is possible, dear. The party is given in your honor," Major Holt said firmly. "Dora and you must go, but I shall see you dressed up, Nell, if that is all you care about. I shall not go till the evening."

"You know that is not it." Nell's eyes looked very misty. "I shall not enjoy it a bit."

"Oh dear, yes," and Malcolm laughed heartlessly, and pulled her curls. "Do you expect me to believe that nonsense, little woman? Of course you will enjoy it."

"Do you remember the last party we were at there?" Nell twisted a button on his coat nervously. "And how you warned me so solemnly not to flirt with Charlie? You were awfully jealous of that poor boy, Malcolm!"

He was sitting alone in the library the following evening writing letters, when Nell came in in all her grandeur to show herself. Very pretty she looked, dressed in gleaming white satin, softened with filmy lace, with fragrant orange-blossoms in her dark hair and among the folds of her dress; and Malcolm looked at her with delighted eyes.

"Why, Nell, you look like a fairy princess," he said gaily. "I am almost afraid to touch you, lest you should vanish away; you look so ethereal."

"Kiss me, all the same." Nell, heedless of her crushed finery, put her arm round his neck and laid her soft cheek close to his—an unusual act of grace on her part—and Malcolm kissed her very tenderly.

"There; will that satisfy you?" he asked gaily. "Keep that kiss, Nell, till I come home and take it back from you—till we meet again—and now you must go, Dora is waiting."

* * * * * *

"There is an old friend of yours here to-night, Nell," Charlie Frenche said, later on in the evening, as they stood resting after a rapid whirl round the room. "See, in that corner," and Nell, looking in the direction he indicated, met Owen Staunton's passionate, reproachful eyes. Just for a moment they looked at each other, and then Owen crossed the room and came up to her.

"Am I too late, Mrs. Holt? Have you a dance left?" he asked, bending his tall head, and speaking in the soft voice that was, alas, so perilously sweet in Nell's ears.

"I am not engaged for the next quadrille, the third dance from this," she replied quietly, and Owen bowed.

"In default of better then," he said, writing his name on her programme. Their hands touched as he handed it back, and Nell started and colored nervously.

"Come, Charlie, I am rested now," she said hastily. "Don't let us lose this waltz."

"What is the matter with you, Nell?" Charlie asked, after they had gone once or twice round the room in silence—a marvel for Nell, whose tongue generally went unceasingly. "Are you tired; or are you lamenting the absence of monsieur votre mari?"

Nell colored quickly, even while she made some jesting answer, to think how very far away from Malcolm her thoughts had been.

"So you did not think my letters worthy of an answer, Mrs. Holt?"

The quadrille which Nell had longed for, and yet dreaded, was over at last, and she and Mr. Staunton, following the example of most of the dancers, had exchanged the heated air of the ball-room for the cooler and pleasanter atmosphere of the conservatory. Nell looked up quickly.

"I don't understand, Mr. Staunton. I do not remember receiving any letters from you."

"Were such letters so common then?" Owen laughed rather unpleasantly. "They were of no importance in your eyes, I dare say, but they were in mine. And common courtesy demanded an answer."

"You are talking in riddles," Nell returned impatiently. "I never received a letter from you in my life."

Mr. Staunton looked at her in astonishment and incredulity.

"Then there has been some terrible mistake," he said at last; "for I wrote three—four times. One on Christmas Day, after that skating-party. Nell, didn't you expect a letter after that?"

Nell drew her hand quickly from his arm.

"What is the use of raking up past grievances?" she asked. "I was silly enough in those days to believe everything people said to me. I have grown wiser since then, thanks to you."

Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and Owen seized both her restless little hands in his firm clasp.

"Thanks to those who kept my letter, you mean!" he cried. "Who taught you to hate and despise me? Oh, Nell, if we had only known, how different our lives might have been!"

"If we had only known." Nell echoed the words drearily.

They stood silently before the great camellia-tree, hand in hand. People came in and out glanced at them curiously; but Nell was quite unconscious of their significant looks and whispered remarks.

"Nell, darling, is it indeed too late?" Owen whispered passionately. "You care for me still, don't you? Ah, you cannot deny it!" he cried triumphantly. "I know you do."

He lifted her hands to his lips as he spoke, but Nell pushed him away fiercely.

"You forget. It is to Major Holt's wife you are speaking, Mr. Staunton," she remarked coldly; "not to Nell Grahame."

"Yes, Major Holt, curse him!" Owen cried fiercely. "He could tell us something about the letters, I dare say. Who but he had any object in keeping them back?"

"How dare you?" Nell flashed round at him in anger. "Make up any tale you like, accuse any one else you like; but don't say a word against my husband! Why, I would as soon distrust myself as him!" Nell cried passionately, wondering even in her excitement at the compassionate look in Owen Staunton's face.

"Poor child, it is cruel to destroy your faith!" he muttered. "And yet—— Nell, did your husband ever mention meeting me in London about a month before your marriage?"

"I forget. Yes, I think he did," Nell answered hurriedly.

"And he gave you the letter I sent?"

"I have told you before—I never had a letter from you in my life!" Nell replied; and Mr. Staunton drew a deep breath.

"That explains it then," he went on calmly. "He kept it back like the others."

"I don't believe it," Nell said. Charlie Frenche's voice sounded outside, and she hastily started back. "Hush! Some one is coming."

"And I must see you again;" and Mr. Staunton hastily detained her. "Nell, I was going to town the first thing in the morning, but I will wait till evening for the chance of seeing you. Will you meet me in the plantation by the pond at two o'clock?"

Nell made a quick sign of assent, and then, as quickly as she could, turned to meet Charlie and his partner. Fortunately the conservatory was only dimly lighted, and her agitated face and manner passed unnoticed. Nell never knew how the rest of the evening went on. She was conscious of dancing and talking, of being taken in to supper by some one, of listening, as in a dream, as the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed and drunk with acclamation. Still in a dream, she found herself in the carriage with Dora—tired and sleepy, curled up in her corner opposite—driving rapidly home.

"Are you tired, Nell? You look ghastly," Dora said as they parted at her bed-room door. "You have been dancing too much. Malcolm will give you a lecture when he comes home."

Nell went into her room, had her ball finery taken off, and dismissed her maid, all the time feeling almost unconscious of what she was doing.

"Madame is ill," her little French maid suggested in alarm; but Nell shook her head, smiling in a strange vague way, that half frightened Claudine.

"Only tired. I shall be well to-morrow," she remarked quietly. "You can go, Claudine."

So Claudine, only half satisfied, went; and Nell, in the silence of the night, fought out her fight alone. If it were true, if Malcolm had really deceived her, really fallen from the high place he had held in her heart, Nell felt it would be impossible ever to see him again. Over and over again her own words came back. "If I lost faith in you, Malcolm, I should lose it in everything." And Nell felt as if indeed she had lost faith in all.

* * * * * *

Owen, watching anxiously in the plantation, saw the little figure come in sight among the trees, and went eagerly to meet Nell. His heart gave a great throb of unutterable pity, and love, and indignation when he saw the pale face and dark eyes that looked at him so blankly. How he longed to take her in his arms, and ki

the color back to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes!

"You wanted me, and I have come," Nell said drearily. "What have you to say to me, Mr. Staunton?"

"Only that I love you more dearly than ever!" Owen cried. "If that is possible, when I loved you so madly before, when I——"

"Oh, hush! What is the use now of talking so?" Nell said. "It is too late now."

"Nell, darling"—Owen caught her hand passionately in his—"is it indeed too late? Nell, I can't live without you!"

It was a bleak October day, and a chill wind rustling among the branches sent showers of yellow leaves at their feet. A rabbit scurried past, and paused at a safe distance to look at the two silent figures with its bright curious eyes. Nell drew her hand away with a little stifled sob.

"Oh, what is the use? You know it is too late," she repeated. "If I had only known!"

"You would have come to me, you would have given up all for me. And you will now!" Owen exclaimed. "Nell, I am leaving England to-morrow. I am going to India. And you will come with me, won't you, darling?"

He pressed her hands to his lips, but Nell drew back in horror. She had read of such things of course, of desperate women who had left home and husband, given up everything, and gone into the outer darkness for the sake of some overwhelming love; but it had never seemed possible that she should be one like these. And yet Malcolm had deceived her. Malcolm, by his own act, had placed an insuperable barrier between them. Where could poor little Nell turn for help and pity? And Owen knelt at her feet with such passionate love in his eyes, such pleading words on his tongue.

"I can't do that, Owen." Nell's voice was very low and firm. "I will do anything else to atone to you, but not that." She put her hand caressingly on his head. "I like you too well, my dear, to spoil your life like that."

"Not because you like me too well," Owen retorted in sudden anger; "but because you love him better. Nell, choose between us. It shall be as you say, only tell the truth. Which is the dearest—he or I?"

"He, ten thousand times!" Nell exclaimed in sudden passion. "Why, Owen, I love him so well that I could hate you for telling me the truth. I love him so well that I would rather have died than known him to be—as he is."

She walked away a few steps, then came back suddenly, quiet and calm.

"I don't think you quite understand what Malcolm has been to me," she went on gently. "All my life he has seemed the embodiment of everything good and noble, and now—my temple is shattered and my idol only dust and ashes. Owen"—her sweet eyes look despairingly into his—"are you sure there is no mistake? Are you certain you gave him the letter?"

"I swear there is no mistake!" Owen cried fiercely. "I swear I gave him the letter, and at the same a note for Mrs. Snow. Ask her, Nell, if you doubt my word."

"I will." Nell turned away, then held out her hand gently. "Good-bye, Owen. Some day you will forget all this and be happy, I know; but I shall never forget."

Owen's heart was too full for words. He lifted her hand reverently to his lips, while great tears filled his eyes.

"Good-bye again," she said. And then, with a little farewell smile and wave of her hand, Nell went.

"Have you been out, Nell?" Dora, from her comfortable corner on the couch by fire, looked up inquiringly at Nell's flushed face. "How warm you look!"

"Yes, I have been walking fast. Dora, do you remember Malcolm going to London about a month before our marriage?"

"Yes, I remember."

Dora looked up uneasily.

"Did he bring you any message or note from Mr. Staunton?" Nell's clear eyes looked down so searchingly, that Dora felt compelled to tell the truth.

"Yes—no—I don't remember," she faltered.

"Try to remember."

"I think so. Yes, he did. Why, Nell?" Dora asked quickly.

"Nothing. I wanted to know."

Not even to Dora would Nell disclose the secret of Malcolm's perfidy. She went to her own rooms, leaving Dora agitated with doubt and apprehension, and began her preparations for her flight. For she had quite determined what to do. She had sixty pounds in notes and gold, and she would go to her aunt—her mother's sister—and ask her to keep her secret, and take her in till she found some employment. Quietly and methodically she made her preparations. Every jewel in her case, every trinket she wore had been gifts from Malcolm. Nell collected them in her dressing-case in a glittering heap, then sat down—ah, hardest task of all!—to write her farewell letter to Malcolm. Again and again the words were blotted out with her tears, again and again she threw the paper away and commenced afresh. Such a sad incoherent little letter it was, so full of remorse, of love, reproach, and tenderness.

"I know everything, Malcolm, and I think it is best that I should leave you," the foolish child wrote. "I can never believe or trust in you again; and I could not bear the torture of living with you and knowing you to be what you are. So I am going to one who, for the sake of the past, will be good to me."

So Nell wrote, never thinking of the meaning her words would convey to Malcolm. The dressing-bell rang, and Nell carefully folded and addressed her letter, laid it on Malcolm's desk, and rang for Claudine. She dressed and went down to dinner, sat opposite to Dora, and tried to eat and talk as usual. And Dora, who had a headache, and was cross and dull in consequence, never noticed anything odd or different in her manner.

"My head aches dreadfully," she said fretfully after dinner. "I shall go to my room at once. Good night, Nell."

"Good night," and Nell, somewhat to Dora's surprise, came across the room and kissed her gently. "I hope you will be better to-morrow."

"Have you a headache as well? You look tired and jaded," Mrs. Snow said languidly. "The ball last night has been too much for us both. I wonder if Malcolm will come home to-morrow?"

"Most likely."

Nell spoke calmly enough, but her heart gave a great throb, and then seemed suddenly to stop. To-morrow! Who could tell what that morrow might bring?

She went upstairs, told Claudine she was not feeling well, and would go to bed early.

"I shall not want you again, Claudine," she continued quietly. "Don't disturb me very early in the morning—I am so tired."

Hour after hour passed, and still she sat by the fire, waiting till the servants should be in bed and the house quiet. The train by which she intended to travel left at 11 35 P. M.; but Nell had a long walk before her. She was going not to their own station, where it was not so likely she would be recognized. Half-past ten—eleven. Quietly she rose from her chair, packed a few things in a traveling-bag, sewed the banknotes in the pocket of her dress, looked to see that her aunt's address was safe in her pocket-book; then she was ready.

She looked round once more on the room so dainty and luxurious, where she had been so happy, and which she was leaving for ever; then, with a beating heart, silently stole out of her home. She paused as she reached the gate, looked back up the dark avenue of trees at the house, where the lights were already dying out one by one, and gave one last look, one despairing sigh.

"Good-bye, dear home, where I have been so happy—good-bye for ever!" she sobbed. And so, urged on by her mad folly and blindness, she passed through the gate into the darkness beyond.

Day by day, as time went on after Nell's disappearance, and she remained silent, Malcolm grew more hopeless—more silent and reserved, till Dora used to feel half frightened sometimes as he sat opposite to her in the drawing-room, holding a book in his hand, pretending to read, with such a strange absorbed look on his face. If he knew she were dead he could have gone and wept and prayed over her grave, hard as the trial would have been; but to know nothing—to endure this torturing silence, seemed at times more than he was able to bear.

* * * * * *

"Half-past three! I should think she would be here directly! Olive, dear, aren't you going to put away your painting, and change your dress before your cousin comes? And what a litter the room is in! Indeed, what with your paints and Laura's music, it never looks fit to be seen."

"You would prefer it to be like aunt Nelly's parlor, wouldn't you, mamma," a sarcastic voice answered; "the table covered with little red and yellow mats; and the books placed neatly round at right angles to each other? But I can't put up my painting just yet. Daylight is too precious an article at this time of the year to be wasted."

"Yes, indeed, my dear! And I like to see you so industrious. And Mr. Austin told me yesterday the Bishop was quite pleased with your sketch of the castle."

"How very condescending!" Olive looked up with laughing eyes. "And do you know, mamma—what is of much more importance—Mr. Lake admired it as well."

"Mr. Lake—oh, the drawing-master? Yes, my dear; but the Bishop, you know! You ought to be pleased with his praise! Though many highly connected people paint now, I understand. Isn't there some story, Olive, about an artist picking up an emperor's brush?"

"It was the other way, mamma; the emperor picked up the artist's brush," Olive answered, with a careless laugh. "If the Bishop ever honors me with a visit, I will throw down one of mine and see if he will be equally gracious."

"Olive, my dear! I hope you would know better!" Mrs. Acton rose from her chair and looked round the untidy room. "Olive, do put things a little in order. I don't know what your cousin will think of us."

Olive rose slowly as Mrs. Acton left the room, and came from behind her easel, brushes and palette in hand. She was a tall girl, dressed in a long holland blouse gathered in at the waist with a cord that had once been crimson. A girl with keen, quick eyes, and reddish-brown hair, twisted in a coil round her head, and a clever, square-cut face, shaded just now with annoyance.

"Why we should disturb ourselves because a cousin who has never recognized our existence before invites herself to visit us, I can't imagine," she said pettishly.

"Hospitable creature!" From a couch at the further end of the room a pale pretty face looked up merrily. "Now I am quite looking forward to her visit. She will be some one fresh, at all events; and I do like fresh people!"

"My darling!" Olive's face softened into absolute beauty as she crossed the room and knelt down by the speaker's side. "I wouldn't mind a whole legion of cousins, if they would amuse you," she said tenderly. "I only wish I could put a little more brightness into your dull life."

"Never mind"—the patient face smiled gaily enough. "Wait till your grand picture is painted and your fortune made, and then we'll enjoy ourselves. But I am delighted cousin Nell is coming. You will be good to her, won't you, Olive? Don't leave her to Laura's tender mercies."

"Where is Laura, by-the-way? I haven't seen her all the afternoon?" asked Olive carelessly.

"'And thinking which will suit her best,
She takes a ribbon or a rose,"

chanted Mab, laughing. "Adorning herself, course."

"Just what I ought to do"—Olive rose from her knees—"but I must put the room in order first."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CURE FOR LOVE.—Here is an old-fashioned cure for love which is said to be infallible. Take 12 ounces of dislike, 1 pound of resolution, 2 grains of common sense, 2 ounces of experience, a large sprig of time, 3 quarts of the cooling water of consideration; set them over the fire of love, sweeten with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim with the spoon of melancholy, and put in the bottom of your heart. Cork it with the cork of a clear conscience, and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again. These things can be had of the apothecary at the house of understanding, next door to reason, on Prudence street, in the village of Contentment.

LIFE BUOY.—Some trials have just been made at Kiel on board of the German war vessel Worth, with an electrically lighted life buoy, the invention of Captain Melter. The buoy was thrown overboard when the vessel was proceeding at a speed of about 16 knots. For a space of about 12 seconds it was lost in the eddy currents caused by the twin screws of the vessel, but then reappeared. The new life buoy will be found useful at night, and the experiments resulted so successfully that it is probable that it will be adopted generally in the German navy.

EASE YOUR COUGH by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure and helpful medicine for all Throat and Lung ailments, and a curative for Asthma.

Scientific and Useful.

ALUMINIUM.—Another use for aluminium has been tried in Russia. The mitres of the bishops are being made of the metal. The Metropolitan of Kasan has such a mitre, as has also the one of Kieff.

A POINTING BOOK-MARKER.—The new book-maker is made of stiff material such as celluloid and has a sliding pointer, which can be moved up and down so as to indicate the line on any page at which the reader left off reading. In this way the time usually lost in finding the right place is saved.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—It is probable that large numbers of the German soldiers will be equipped with portable electric batteries weighing about half a pound. A small lamp goes with it, and the invention will be of great value to the men employed about powder magazines. They are also to be used for signaling from balloons at night, and can be fixed to the helmet when the men have to dig trenches after dark.

A RAILWAY BICYCLE.—The bicycle is now employed by the Russian gendarmes in traveling along the State railways to watch for any obstructions or signs of danger to the train of his Imperial Majesty the Czar. It chiefly differs from road cycles in that the wheelman can give all his energies to the propulsion, as no steering gear is needed, and therefore in addition to the pedals for his feet, there are two levers which he works with his hands.

A HOME-MADE INHALER.—Inhalations of aromatic vapors such as those from terebinthine, eucalyptol and pinol are recommended for most affections of the larynx and bronchial tubes, and hence it may be useful to show how an inhaler can be made from a teapot or kettle and a pair of bellows. The mouth of the teapot should be closed by a bung, through which an india-rubber tube is passed into the liquid to be vaporized. The other end of this tube is joined to the nozzle of an ordinary domestic bellows; and a funnel or mouthpiece is added to the spout of the teapot. On working the bellows the medicinal liquid in the teapot is agitated and the fumes are blown from the spout into the mouth of the patient, who inhales them at his pleasure. To make the process as effective as possible, the liquid should first be heated by placing the teapot or kettle beside or on the fire.

Farm and Garden.

WINTER WORK.—Winter work is sometimes best done in the fall. Repairs of the buildings should not be deferred until necessity forces such work.

WINDMILLS.—A windmill will irrigate quite an area of land if arrangements are properly made for storing and distributing the water. A small patch of ground, for which the moisture can be controlled, will yield more than three times the area that is subject to droughts and other drawbacks. With thorough drainage and proper facilities for irrigation the farmer will have complete control of the moisture required.

SHEEP.—Leading breeders of the mutton-producing breeds of sheep claim that mutton can be produced at less cost than any other meat, and some of them, who formerly made wool a specialty, express themselves as having made a great mistake in the past in keeping sheep for wool rather than for mutton. Wool is only a product of the sheep, and is really the least profitable compared with the value of mutton and lamb.

HORSES.—Strength is not all that is required in a work horse. One that has a fast-walking gait and moves off rapidly with a load will always be in demand. There is a large field open for the introduction of a breed of fast walkers, with pedigrees that permit of tracing them to selected families. Size will also be desirable, but size can be secured at the same time. Some draught horses are too slow and clumsy for general work.

MORE LAND.—There is difficulty in procuring more land when adjoining farms are not for sale. In the large cities, where land is scarce, the gain in space is by erecting taller buildings. The farmer can not thus acquire space, but he can double his crops by better cultivation and the addition of more manure and fertilizers. The amount that can be produced on an acre of ground is enormous, as is done in Belgium, Holland and France. The same system of high cultivation is possible here.

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Of Amusement.

We shall never convince a large proportion of the thrifty section of the population that there is any need whatsoever for amusement. The remote farmer, who lives only in the daily round of his work, who regards the morning duties about the cowsheds and stables, the mid-day visit to the fields where seasonable work is being carried on, and the evening stroll to count the sheep, as affording an adequate life, cannot think what people need amusement for; and he is partly right, for his daily work, if it could be separated from anxiety about bad times, is an unending romance that would gladly be taken as holidaying by most of us.

The natural beauty of occupations like that of the farmer makes ordinary amusement scarcely necessary. On the other hand, the grim monotony of other modes of life has almost quenched the very conception of rational methods of relaxation. Take the miner, who not very long ago was spending half of the twenty-four hours underground, and who needed an additional hour or two for feeding, cleaning and clothing himself. What opportunity had he for seeking pleasant amusement? It was the same with the mill-hands, engaged in almost incessant toil, and spending the residue of their hours in unlovely rows of crowded houses. To work was the prime command, and no other thought could live near it. Like the upas-tree, it blasted all surrounding growths.

This consuming idea of work as an end of life, and not as an aid towards living, is not a very ancient faith. Not long ago the village sports were as truly a part of rural life as the daily work; there were interesting light and shade in the existence of the remotest little country communities. But, when the patriarchal system of government was shaken by modern changes and competition set in, the variety and picturesqueness of village life vanished. Now the change is nearing completion, and the need for a humane mode of living is being felt. With the cry of work for all and not too much work for any, room is made for amusement.

Since the workers are seeing the advantage of leisure and are willing to combine to secure it, at some sacrifice if need be, there can be little doubt that there will be a general tendency towards shorter hours and more spare time. Those who disapprove of the change, as well as those who are working to bring it about, acknowledge that it is slowly coming, and that it will bring with it the imperative problem of popular amusement. If the problem cannot be answered, then a large part of the advantage of leisure will have vanished. Men do not want less work in order that they may be idle; or, if they do, they are seeking their own demoralization.

One danger in searching for amusement lies in attempts to follow the lead of the pleasure-seeking classes, who pursue exciting amusements, such as the taking of life, with the intensity of devotees. Poor men cannot afford to be always killing something, for life is costly; so we may perhaps rid ourselves of all fear of popular amusement taking the form that commends itself to the class which Matthew Arnold used to call "our barbariana."

We shall be on safer ground if we ask what are the amusements that make life pleasant to those who are fairly well off and of a homely turn of mind. With both sexes the most popular of all amusements, the one which least often wearies those who practise it, is talk. In polished circles talk becomes an art; with every class it is the mainstay of enjoyment when we mix with our fellows.

It is only when we reach the working-classes, for whom amusement is specially required, that we find talk fail, or the conditions under which it is carried on become cramping or harmful. There is only one place in which poor men can meet readily for easy talk without formalities, and that is the public-house.

It is some resting-place indoors that forms the pivot on which daily amusement of a lasting kind hinges. We may find enjoyment in walks and outdoor games, in music, public sights, and mirthful entertainments; but they are properly the exceptional treats that attract us from week to week, and the daily recreation which we need for a wholesome cheerful life should come from our own resources. But look at the average working-man, who reaches his home at six o'clock in the evening, and then has three hours to spare for enjoyment. The house is small, the family probably large, the children are reaching the peevish stage before going to bed, the father is tired and not as accustomed to noise and bustle as the mother. He feels too dull and sleepy to care to pore over the paper. How is he to spend the evening cosily, cheerfully, without exertion, yet with amusement?

During the day the wife has snatched some intervals of rest while the children were at school, and has had a talk with the neighbors, or has read for half an hour in the quiet of the afternoon. She has no long pauses like this which the husband may take at night, but, without neglecting her work, she may seize upon little breathing-spaces. Now the time has been reached which determines the character of the relation between husband and wife. If they are well adapted for companionship with each other, there will be a pleasant hour's chat and exchange of experiences that will be quite as attractive as any form of amusement can be; if the husband has any tendency towards studiousness, or has public responsibilities such as are associated with active religion or friendly-society management, he will easily fill up the remainder of the evening in a pleasant and useful way. But, if he has no social evening occupation, and conversation with his wife is soon exhausted, and they both feel that it would be a relaxation to have some other form of amusement, what is there before him?

Those who have larger houses, with spare rooms that are always warm and in use, and who are comfortably off, can ask a small knot of friends to drop in for the evening and chat, and an enlarged home circle is formed which, provided cards and other games that destroy sociableness are excluded or only sparingly introduced, will serve every purpose of amusement, bringing out talk and character-study, and producing a good deal of incidental instruction. This cannot possibly be carried out in the cottage, still less in the narrow and crowded rooms of the working-man of the large towns.

The only alternative is the corner public-house or the club, which is a thinly-veiled public-house. If those who wish to purify and brighten the lives of the multitude would clear their eyes of misconceptions and prejudices and look afresh at the problems they are trying to solve, they would see that there are two reasons why a large percentage of men are either frequent or habitual public-house-goers. One reason is the liking for the drink sold there; and the other is that a public-house, in spite of many drawbacks, is a very interesting place. It affords the amusement which the resting man who has no initiative craves.

We are all far readier to rescue our brother-man as speakers on an elevated platform or as moral prescribers giving him patronizing advice than as his equal, exchanging thoughts with him in the ordinary talk which lives the longest in the memory. Conversation as a moral agency has not yet had a trial in the Western world.

IT has been said that the most valuable man is he who while superior in one thing is fairly good in several; and the same truth holds good in mental and moral life, as well as business or profession. The finest mind is that which, though strongest in a favorite line of thought, is able to run with ease in many others; and the best moral character is that which, while excelling in certain good qualities which are spontaneous, has yet acquired many others in which it was deficient.

IT is the absence of sympathy, far more than any excess of it, that interferes with truth in the estimates we make. Only through sympathy can we even approximately know any one. This alone enables us to realize, though in faint degree, the condition of mind, the circumstances, temptations, tendencies, motives—all, in fact, that go to make up the character of actions. Judgments formed without any of this knowledge must be untrustworthy.

A SMOOTH sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify one for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security.

NEITHER man nor woman is perfected alone. Marriage is the union of two hearts and two lives, which find in each other their mutual complement and perfection; it is the highest and noblest school of virtue on earth, redeeming man from selfish absorption in his own welfare and interests, and for personal and individual interests substituting the more sacred and tender claims of husband, wife, child and home.

WE ought not to remain in ignorance where the happiness of those around us is concerned; we should acquaint ourselves with the means of adding to it and with the habits which disturb it, and order our conduct accordingly.

WELL-MEANT advice is sometimes depressing. It is wise to think twice before administering it, for one of its less happy aspects is an unconscious revelation of the counsellor's unflattering opinion.

A MAN does not become celebrated in proportion to his general capacity but because he does or says something which happened to need doing or saying at the moment.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

JULIA.—The letters J. N. R. J., the inscription on the Cross, are the initials of the Latin scroll written by Pilate—"Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum," Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

G. L. S.—The cuticle that grows round the root of the finger-nail should be rubbed up with the towel every time the hands are washed. It should never be torn or cut, as agnails (hangnails) are the invariable result.

GIPSY.—The "catching" in your breath when singing must be caused by the exhaustion of the air in the lungs; and your lungs have very likely been forced out of their natural limits, as well as compressed, by tight-lacing.

N. M. E.—The Himalaya Mountains, in Asia, are the highest in the world. The highest mountain in the United States is Mount Whitney, of the Sierra Nevada range. It is 14,887 feet high. Mount St. Elias is the highest mountain in Alaska, its height being 17,500 feet.

W. J. B.—In regard to what you term "the original discoverers of America," there is no evidence that the Northmen, though they visited Greenland as early as the tenth century and planted a colony there, ever reached farther south than New England, or penetrated a score of miles into the interior.

S. L. K.—1. The original thirteen States were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. 2. Kentucky was admitted into the Union, February 4, 1791; Vermont, February 18, 1791, and Tennessee, June 1, 1796. 3. West Virginia (out of Virginia) that went into the Union, December 31, 1862.

B. N.—Breccia (Italian) is a compound rock composed of angular fragments, which appear to have existed in other formations. The Potomac marble, of which fine specimens are seen in the capitol at Washington, is a breccia of marble, sandstone and other minerals found in the new red sandstone formation, where it crosses the River Potomac. It is a difficult rock to polish. It is pronounced bretch-ya.

E. X. L.—You can only improve your language by studying the best writers, and by practice in composition. Style is, after all, a gift; one man will make the most charming science dry, difficult, and abhorrent to the student; another will charm him into being a philosopher. Fluency of expression can hardly be acquired, but you will become much more fluent than you are if you join elocution classes, and omit no opportunity of exercising your tongue.

W. F.—Certainly the ostrich is raised for the feathers. They are domesticated in Africa, and the trade is enormous, amounting yearly to millions. The birds are fed and reared upon large farms for the purpose, and the feathers are worth about $300 a pound. They are sold in bulk, and afterwards divided into the choice lots and packed for European and American markets according to quality. Single feathers of extra length and weight bring very large sums.

D. R. O.—"Fortunatus" is the title of popular tales, the earliest known publication of which took place in Augsburg in 1509, though it includes fairy lore and legends of an earlier period. They teach that wealth is not sufficient to secure permanent happiness, which is illustrated by its ultimately ruining Fortunatus and his sons, who were in possession of boundless riches, and of a talisman enabling them to attain all their desires. The conception was long supposed to be of Spanish or English origin, but the Germans claim it.

W. S. T.—The translation of Le roi est l'etat is "The king and the state;" Le roi le veut, "The king wills it, or will have it so." The latter was the imperious term used by the Kings of France previous to the Revolution. Le roi s'en avisera, "The king will consider or think of it," is another French phrase that was used by the same monarchs to express their dissent from any act submitted for their approval, and was considered as an absolute veto (I forbid). The terms were also applied to the acceptance or rejection of Acts of Parliament in England.

W. R. M.—Rain-deer is not the right way of spelling it. The common way is undoubtedly rein-deer, and it was imagined by some that it was so-called because it, of deer kind, was driven by reins. We have consulted sixteen various dictionaries, and found a great deal of looseness in their writers. It is derived from Saxon, hrana; French, renne; Dutch, rendier; German, rennthier; all expressive of continued running. The true spelling, says Webster, should be rhane, or ranedeer; perhaps our word was, after all, the Dutch rendier, into the first syllable of which an i has been inserted, to give it the true pronunciation. If this supposition—a plausible one—be correct, we have every reason to retain Reindeer as the accepted spelling.

F. M.—The original song of "Annie Laurie," which is in two stanzas, and inferior to the modern version, the author of which is unknown, was written by Mr. Douglas, of Finland, upon Annie, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwelton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell, of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is thought probable that the two verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is stated that, "notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife. She was married to Mr. Ferguson, of Craigdarroch."

IGNIS FATUUS.

BY T. FERGUSON.

In Life's broad maze, with its endless turnings,
We choose not always the golden way;
We pause and wonder with wistful yearnings
Which fate were fairest, and fall astray.

We know not best what is worth possessing;
We catch the gleam of a wand'ring fire,
And leave behind us some choicest blessing,
Allured to follow a vain desire.

It flickers on, and it hovers o'er us;
We follow far through the falling night,
When, lo, the marsh or the mist before us,
And lost for ever that fatal light!

But, whether fair be our days or clouded,
The vanished bliss we have left behind,
By distance veiled and in darkness shrouded,
We seek for ever and cannot find!

Celia.

BY E. S.

VENICE, in the month of May, the air balmy and sweet, freshened by the breeze from the sea. A room in an old palace on one of the side canals—a palace that has seen better days, and is now degraded into a lodging-house, in which the princely owners live in an obscure corner, and let the best rooms to strangers, supporting themselves by the hire. Before the great Venetian mirror stands a young Englisman, putting the finishing touches to his toilet by the light of two tall wax candles that faintly disperse the surrounding gloom. A good-looking young man, tall and straight and clean of limb, with a look of distinction about his clear-cut features.

Rupert Carew was making the grand tour, as it was called in those days, when every young man of birth and fortune felt it incumbent on him to see something of the world before settling down. For I write of sixty years ago, when cheap trips were unknown, and people thought as much of a journey to Paris as we do of a visit to Cairo. He was an only son, heir to a fine old estate in the west of England. He had travelled leisurely through France and Germany, seeing all there was to be seen, and now he was at Venice for the Carnival—Venice at its gayest, for the Austrians were in occupation, and though Italian patriotism groaned beneath the iron heel of the invader, there is little doubt that the shopkeepers, at any rate, profited materially by his presence. All Rupert's sympathies were on the Italian side, yet, strange to say, his greatest friend was an Austrian, Count von Falkenberg, whom he had promised to meet that night on the Piazza.

One last glance at the mirror, and Rupert sprang down the stairs to where a gondola awaited him, lying like a great black swan on the silent dark green water. He stepped in and they glided away through dark streets and lonely byways, where a single lamp glimmered occasionally before a solitary shrine, till they emerged on the Grand Canal. Here it was brighter; lights flashed from the palace windows, and the sound of distant music floated upon the air. The great red moon was rising over the sandy shores of Lido, lighting up the silver cupola of Santa Maria della Salute on the right, and throwing out into darker distinctness the outline of the island of St. George.

"Would the signore care to follow the music?" asked Rupert's gondolier, as they drew near to a large boat hung with colored lanterns and crowded with musicians.

The young man nodded, and the boatman cutting in deftly through the throng of gondolas already assembled, secured a good place. Rupert leant back on his cushions and listened with dreamy enjoyment while they drifted along with the tide. The scene, the hour, would have infused poetry into the most prosaic spirit, and Rupert's was no sluggish temperament.

The Carews were an ardent race who had distinguished themselves by flood and field, and though his lot had been cast in the sober, practical days of the nineteenth century, the fiery blood of his ancestors still ran in his veins, ready to declare itself when the occasion served.

Floating along unheeding he was suddenly startled by a sharp shock and a loud cry, and looking up saw that a gondola had got entangled with his own. It was disengaged in a moment and speeding on its way, but not before he had caught sight of a female figure dressed in white, a fair pale face with a halo of golden hair.

"Follow that gondola," he exclaimed, obeying a sudden impulse, and his man obeyed. But those in front were more than a match for him, and before Rupert could reach the landing-stage the fair unknown had disembarked, and was lost to sight in the crowd.

"You are late, my Rupert," said a voice at his elbow, and a young man in uniform laid a hand on his arm. "The band has already begun. But whom do you seek?" as Carew looked round with a puzzled, disappointed expression.

"A dream, a vision. Did you not see her?"

"What was she like?"

"Fair as an angel. Her face shaded by a large white hat with a drooping feather, and eyes of heavenly blue. She passed me just now in a gondola. I thought she looked sad."

"And you wished to console her? Take care, mein lieber. That is a dangerous game to play in this country. You may find a knife stuck between your ribs before you know where you are."

"Her face, somehow, was familiar. I felt as though I had seen her before. And yet that could hardly be."

"In some former state, perhaps, when her heart beat in unison with yours."

But Carew, scarcely conscious of his friend's raillery, was gazing eagerly round in search of the object of his thoughts. He uttered a sudden exclamation:

"There she is!"

"Where? Whew!" with a long low whistle, as his glance, following Rupert's, fell on a lady seated at a little distance by the side of an officer. "You have fallen badly, my friend. That is the Baroness von Redwitz, a countrywoman of yours, by-the-bye, the wife of my colonel, an ugly customer, I can tell you, as jealous as Othello himself."

"Introduce me, there's a good fellow."

Falkenb rg hung back.

"Look here, Carew, you had better let it alone. If you want to get up a flirtation——"

"Well?"

"Choose some one else. Von Redwitz is not the sort of man to stand any nonsense about his wife. He is the best swordsman in the regiment."

"Thanks, I can take care of myself," said Rupert shortly.

Falkenberg smiled.

"So your pride is up in arms? Be it so. You can take care of yourself. But how about the lady? The woman generally gets the worst of it on these occasions. If his suspicions are once roused—and it is not very difficult to rouse them, I can tell you—I pity her!"

"Why, what would happen?"

"He would probably beat her."

"Good God! you don't mean it! exclaimed Carew, with all an Englishman's horror at the bare idea.

"I do. Report says he has done so more than once already. Now, Rupert, have I convinced you?"

"No, you have not," recovering himself, and bent more than ever on the accomplishment of his design. "You are making mountains out of molehills. Surely one can say a few words to a pretty woman with running into a tragic love affair."

"Let it be only a few words, then. On that condition I shall be happy to introduce you."

Rupert agreed, and crossing the square Falkenberg presented "My friend, Mr. Carew," to the Baroness von Redwitz. But the words had scarcely left his lips when there was a simultaneous cry of:

"Rupert!"

"Celia!"

And both hands were held out in eager greeting.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Carew. "No wonder I seemed to know your face."

"You recognized me, then?"

"Frankly, no. You have changed too much. But there was something familiar about you all the same."

"No wonder," she laughed, though her eyes were swimming. "And you too have changed—have grown so tall, so handsome."

"So are my blushes," answered Rupert smiling. "And pardon an awkward Englishman for having no pretty speeches at his command."

The look he bent on her was more eloquent than words. Falkenberg fidgeted in the background, and the baroness, averting her eyes, startled as she encountered the scowling visage of her husband.

"I had forgotten," she said with an effort. "Max, this is Mr. Carew, a friend of my childhood; Rupert, my husband."

The two men bowed, but there was little friendliness in the glance they interchanged.

"Confound him!" thought Rupert. "What the devil does he mean by his sulky face? I should like to kick him."

Some one came up at that moment and claimed the baron's attention. Rupert took advantage of the opportunity to slip into a chair by Celia's side, and they lost themselves speedily in mutual recollections. Their low-toned conversation, interrupted now and then by a silvery laugh from the baroness, seemed to have a peculiarly irritating effect on her husband's nerves. He stammered, lost the thread of his discourse, and more than once his hand stole to his sword as though he would have liked to inflict punishment then and there on the presumptuous intruder. At last the baroness looked up, caught sight of his face, and turned very pale.

"Rupert," she said hurriedly, "you will not misunderstand me? You know how happy it has made me to see you again. Do not be vexed if I ask you to leave me."

He understood her at once.

"I will do anything you wish. But you don't mean to say you are afraid of him?"

"Don't ask me. He is my husband, remember. Only—if we should not meet again——"

"Not meet again!" interrupted Carew. "I mean to see you, I can tell you. When and where are you to be found?"

She lowered her voice.

"I dare not ask you to call. But I am going to a masked ball at the C. Palace on Tuesday. Count von Falkenberg can get you an invitation. I shall wear a grey domino with a lilac bow."

"I will be there."

He rose and taking her hand was about to raise it to his lips, but remembering Falkenberg's warning he dropped it and turned away.

Celia Trelawney was the daughter of his nearest neighbor. They had played together as children, then her father died, and her mother took her abroad. He lost sight of her, but he did not forget her. Deep down in his heart he cherished a tender recollection of his little playmate and a wish to meet her again. But not thus as the wife of a stranger and an alien who regarded him with angry suspicion. If he had found her happy he would have admired her indeed, but she would have made no impression on his heart. As it was, the remembrance of the look on her face aroused every chivalrous feeling in his nature.

"An invitation to the ball at the C. Palace? Nothing is easier," said Falkenberg when Carew preferred his request. "But, Rupert, mon cher, be careful. Remember what I told you."

"Don't be alarmed. The Baroness von Redwitz and I are old friends and country neighbors—nothing more."

The count looked doubtful.

"Hum!" he observed. "In my country we don't always understand old friendships with the other sex. But you know your own affairs best. I have warned you; I can do no more."

Armed with this invitation, Rupert mingled in the crowd that thronged the stately rooms of the C. Palace on the night of the ball. Only the women wore masks, but the men were in fancy dress and the scene was a brilliant one. Rupert had chosen the costume of his namesake, Prince Rupert of Bohemia, and looked the character to the life. More than one fair dame, attracted by the appearance of the handsome young cavalier, sought to detain him in conversation, but one object engrossed his thoughts, and he presently descried her leaning on the arm of an officer in the Austrian uniform of a hundred years before, engaged in deep and earnest conversation. At Rupert's approach she relinquished her hold and Falkenberg, for it was he, retired, casting as he went a meaning glance at his friend, which Rupert wilfully declined to meet.

"At last!" exclaimed Carew. "I almost despaired of finding you in this crowd. Shall we take a turn?"

Celia assented, and the band striking up at that moment they floated away, their feet moving in perfect unison, her head resting against his shoulder, his arm closely encircling her waist. Perhaps there is no more delightful sensation than to feel that you have a partner who suits you exactly. Rupert and Celia prolonged it to the uttermost. Not till the last notes died away did they desist, and then, avoiding the stream that flowed towards the doorway, Rupert directed their steps to a little alcove at the farther end of the room, half hidden by a crimson velvet curtain, with just room in it for two.

Celia removed her mask and disclosed a pale, troubled face and eyes that were full of tears.

"Oh, Rupert," she sighed, "I fear this is very wrong. Count von Falkenberg thinks it is most imprudent."

"I wish to goodness von Falkenberg would mind his own concern," cried Rupert angrily.

"You must not be vexed with him. He means to be kind, and he knows my husband. But is it not unreasonable? That I should be forced to meet you like this—my old friend, my brother almost."

Rupert's feelings towards her were not precisely brotherly, but he saw no reason for enlightening her on that point.

"I ought perhaps to have resisted the temptation. But I could not. You belong to the Past—the dear Past which I never hear of now. And what harm can there be in my seeing you? It is his suspicion that drives me to concealment."

"Celia," said Rupert, bending forward, "tell me. Is it true what they say? Has he dared to lay his hand on you?"

"Who told you?"

"It is true, then! Good God! And you remain with him!"

"What would you have me do? He is my husband. My life is a hard one, but I chose it myself. I must make the best of it."

She raised her eyes as she spoke and the words died away on her lips, for standing in the archway, his face livid with rage, she beheld her husband.

"Madame," he said with quivering lips, "your gondola awaits you. It is time to go home."

And he almost dragged her away. Rupert started forward to interfere, but an imploring glance from Celia checked him, and he gloomily retraced his steps to the ball-room, where he found von Falkenberg carrying on an outrageous flirtation with a pretty young married woman whose husband apparently was not troubled with jealousy. With some difficulty he succeeded in getting him away and inducing him to listen to his tale.

"Ah, mon cher!" said that prudent and far-sighted individual. "What did I tell you? But of course you knew best. However, it is too late to speak of that now. There is only one thing to be done. You must go away."

"And leave her in the power of that brute? Indeed, I will do nothing of the kind!"

"What good will you do by remaining? You will only make matters worse. It strikes me you have made mischief enough already."

"That may be, but it would be the act of a coward to run away and let her bear the brunt of it."

"The act of a wise man rather. If you think you will be allowed to see her again you are much mistaken. You have aroused the suspicions of a gloomy, revengeful tyrant, and every hour you remain is a source of danger to yourself—you smile—and to her."

The last suggestion seemed to carry some weight. Rupert knitted his brows.

"Falkenberg," he said at length, "you may be right. But—" his voice faltered a little—"I will tell you the truth. I love her. How can I bear to leave her thus?"

"All the more reason, Rupert, mein lieber," laying his hand in his earnestness on the young man's shoulder. "Listen to me. I have seen something of life. I am no prudish maid to start at trifles. But I swear to you that were I in your place, I would sooner die than sully the purity of that sweet lady's soul. There is something about her above and beyond most women. I feel in her presence as though I were in church. And yet her very innocence leads her into danger."

"Do you think I would offend her ears with anything unfit for them to hear?" cried Rupert indignantly.

"Not now—not in your sober senses, but passion is an unruly steed. Take my advice and go before harm comes of it."

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Three days later Rupert Carew was enjoying his breakfast at the open window of a room in an inn in one of the villages of the Lake of Garda. The sparkling water lay at his feet; behind rose hill and mountain, blue and misty in the morning light. Here and there a snowy sail skimmed the placid surface of the lake, and on a rocky height almost facing the window stood a frowning castle, once the seat of some robber baron, now occupied by the Austrian troops. It was like a scene in a play. Rupert's eyes feasted on the lovely prospect. Away from the scene of his enchantment he was beginning to recover his senses and to feel that Falkenberg was right. Since Celia and he could never be more to one another it was better for them not to meet. It was difficult to reason thus calmly in Venice, where the very air breathed of romance and a lovely woman

seemed a fair excuse for folly. But here in broad daylight, the fresh mountain breeze blowing in, dispersing the cobwebs of his brain, things seemed to assume their just proportions of their own accord.

He had reached this stage in his meditations when the door burst open, and a female figure, cloaked and hooded, rushed into the room. She flung herself at his feet: the hood fell back and disclosed the lovely agitated features and golden hair of his early playmate.

"Oh, Rupert!" she cried. 'Save me! He threatened to kill me. Then a message came for him from the governor and he had to go. I stole away in his absence. My maid helped me and came with me. Oh, Rupert! you are my only friend. You knew my father. You will not abandon me?"

"Never," he answered; and raising her from the ground:

"Celia," he said gravely, "do you trust me?"

"Entirely—absolutely," looking at him with fearless, wide-open eyes.

"Will you leave yourself in my hands to act for you as I think best?"

"Willingly," she answered.

"Thank you. I swear before God to be worthy of your trust. You must not stay here. Your maid, you say, is below?"

She bent her head.

"Excuse me, then, a moment."

He sat down and wrote a letter, sealed it and rang the bell. It was answered by h's servant, an impenetrable-looking individual, devoted to his young master and quite ready to risk life and limb in his service.

"Grant," said Carew, "you will order a carriage with postillions to be ready in a couple of hours. You will then accompany this lady and her maid to Falkenberg Castle and place this letter yourself in the hands of the countess."

"And you, sir?"

"I shall remain here for the present."

The man saluted and was about to withdraw, when Rupert stopped him.

"Wait a minute. Have you breakfasted?" turning to Celia. "I thought not. Grant, bring fresh coffee and eggs, and anything else you can think of. And look after the maid, by-the-bye. You will find her downstairs."

"You must eat," he continued, as Celia attempted some feeble protest. "You have a long journey before you. I have written to Falkenberg's mother, asking her to receive you and explaining the state of the case. She is an old friend of my father's and kindness itself. You will be safe and happy with her and your husband will not dream of seeking you there."

"How can I thank you!" she murmured brokenly. "And you, what will you do?"

"Stay here and answer any questions your husband sees fit to put to me."

Celia turned deadly pale.

"Rupert!" she exclaimed.

"You would not have me run away as if I were afraid to meet him?"

"I would have you consult your own safety—for my sake. Oh, Rupert, I should never forgive myself if anything happened to you through my fault."

"Nothing will happen," he answered lightly. "Set your mind at rest; I will be most prudent."

What more he would have said remained unspoken, for a second time the door flew open. This time it was Celia's maid who entered, wringing her hands.

"Madame," she cried, "we are undone. A sergeant and a file of men are waiting to arrest you."

Rupert sprang to his feet with an oath.

"The cowardly blackguard!" he muttered between his teeth. "Stay here, Celia, and don't be alarmed. I will settle the matter."

He pealed the bell and, passing into the adjoining room, buckled on his sword and took up a pair of small but deadly-looking pistols which he hid inside his coat.

"Grant," he said, as his servant appeared, "have you got a revolver handy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fetch it, then; we may find it useful."

He ran downstairs. Then men were drawn up in the courtyard. Rupert stood in the doorway and made a sign to the sergeant, who, after a moment's indecision obeyed the summons.

"You are sent here," he began, "by Baron Von Bedwitz?"

"To bring back the baroness."

"She is under my protection. I decline to give her up."

The man saluted.

"Well," said Rupert, "what do you propose to do?"

"Follow my instructions."

"Do those instructions extend to the shedding of blood?"

The sergeant hesitated.

"Look here, my man," said Rupert, changing his tone and speaking with a frank persuasiveness difficult to resist, "this is not a matter of military duty. It is a private quarrel between your colonel and myself. If he wants satisfaction at my hands I am ready to give it. But I warn you that if you attempt to force your way into the presence of the baroness, my servant and I will do our best to prevent you. We have arms, as you see," opening his coat, "and we know how to use them. Lives may be lost and you will be held responsible. Are you ready to take the risk?"

The sergeant looked puzzled.

"A soldier, mein Herr, has only one duty—to obey orders."

"When he knows what those orders are," retorted Rupert. "But you don't seem certain. Don't you think you had better go back and find out?"

A pause, while the sergeant pondered, and Rupert leant coolly against the doorpost, determination written in every line of his handsome face. Perhaps that attitude of silent resolution helped the former to make up his mind. Crossing the courtyard, he said a few words in a low voice to one of the men, then returned to Rupert.

"Mein Herr," he said, "your advice is good; I will follow it. But I will leave two of my fellows here to see that nothing goes wrong in my absence."

Rupert bit his lip. He felt for the moment that the sergeant had outwitted him. But he recovered himself promptly, helped by the look of good-humored amusement on the latter's face.

"You will do as you please," he replied with affected indifference, and turned into the inn.

A word of command, a clatter of arms, and the soldiers marched away down the road, followed by muttered execrations and glances of unconcealed dislike from the Italian population, to whom their uniform was a thing accursed. Celia's maid leant out of the window.

"They are gone, madame," she exclaimed. "The signore has sent them away."

"Not all, unfortunately," said Rupert, re-entering the room. "Two spies remain below. But we will dodge them yet. I have spoken to the landlord, Celia; he will do anything to spite an Austrian. Besides, I have made it worth his while. He will take them out a couple of bottles of Chianti, and while they are thus employed you will slip out quietly by the back door and make your way to the cross roads; a carriage, with a trusty driver, will meet you there, and at your first stopping place you will be joined by Grant and the maid. I dare not take you myself. I must stay here to baffle suspicion. But the landlord's wife will go with you as far as the carriage. Will this do?"

"Do!" she uttered, holding out her hand. "God bless and reward you, Rupert, for all your kindness."

He stooped and kissed it in silence. That lovely upturned face, those tearful eyes had nearly proved fatal to his self-control. But honor prevailed. She had trusted him, and a Carew had never yet been unfaithful to his word.

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Falkenberg Castle stands on a wooded height in the heart of the Austrian Tyrol. The scenery around is wild and romantic; the people in harmony with their land. In the eyes of the Tyrolese peasant every woman is a queen, and Celia's sad heart was cheered by the chivalrous courtesy she encountered whenever she ventured abroad. In spite of her hostess's kindness the days dragged wearily by while she watched and waited, wondering what would be the upshot of it all. Her husband was not the sort of man to sit down tamely under a sense of injury. Rupert had defied him, and would have to answer for it. Had she done wisely in seeking his protection? At the time she had not stopped to think, had seized in her terror on the first means of escape that presented itself. But now, in her calmer moments, she felt that it might have been better to endure the baron's brutality to the end than to expose her old friend to danger on her account.

She was musing thus sadly, one evening, standing by the window, watching the shades of night descend on the valley beneath her, and the lingering glow on the mountain crests above, when the door opened softly behind her and Rupert Carew came into the room.

"Celia!" he said.

She turned round with a little cry.

"Rupert!"

And then she stopped short.

"You bring me news."

"I do," he answered. "I come to tell you that you are free."

"But not by your hand?" shrinking back. "Oh, Rupert! you did not kill him?"

"No, Celia," gravely. "He died by the visitation of God."

She clasped her hands and her lips moved in silent prayer.

"Tell me about it," she murmured presently, and he obeyed.

"We met. I contented myself at first with standing on the defensive. I had no wish to hurt him. But he rushed at me with such savage fury that I was forced to alter my tactics. Suddenly a change passed over his face; his sword dropped from his grasp and he fell heavily to the ground. The seconds rushed in; there was not a sign of a wound anywhere, but his face was blue and swollen, and his tongue hung out of his mouth. We carried him to the nearest inn, and the doctor did what he could for him, but he never spoke again. It was a fit brought on by violence of his passions."

She covered her face with her hands, and for a while there was silence between them.

"To rush like that into the presence of his Maker," said Celia at last, "and all through me!"

"You must not blame yourself," said Rupert kindly. "Your life was a daily martyrdom. You bore it as long as you could."

"I did indeed," she answered. "Oh, Rupert, you cannot guess one half what I endured!"

"Forget it," he urged, bending forward and taking possession of her hand. "Forget it and look towards the future. Remember him only in your prayers."

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When the year of her widowhood had expired, Celia Von Redwitz gave her hand and her heart to the man who had ventured his life in her cause. She insisted on waiting thus long to show respect at least for the memory of the man she had been unable to love. She came to her husband empty-handed, safe for her own small dowry, for though by the baron's death she had come into possession of money and lands, neither she nor Rupert cared to profit by his riches. They returned to his own relations, who, needless, to say, were nothing loth. The marriage took place at Falkenberg Castle. Falkenberg performed the part of best man, and wiped a furtive tear from his eye as the carriage rolled away. He had long cherished a deep and hopeless attachment for his late colonel's wife, so well concealed that neither Rupert nor Celia ever guessed its existence.

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One more scene and I have done. The setting sun streams down on the flowery banks of a Devonshire lane, on a traveling carriage slowly toiling up the steep. Inside it, two happy young people, bridegroom and bride. She lets down the window and inhales with delight her native air.

"Ah, Rupert," she exclaims, "there is nothing like England after all. I wish I had never left it."

He looks at her anxiously.

"No, don't be afraid. The past is gone; it is lost in the happy present. Only it seems a pity to have wasted all that time we might have spent together."

But even this regret fades from her mind as he draws her fondly to his side and whispers that past sorrow enhances present joy, and that every pang he endured on her account has only endeared her the more.

Doctor and Squire.

BY T. L. O.

IT WAS a fine flourishing village, in the Swabian lowlands, to which the father of our heroine had retired many years before, and where he occupied himself with the farming of his estates. He was a well-educated and even accomplished man, wrote poetry and leading articles in the weekly paper, and was—not because he did this, but notwithstanding that he did it—a thoroughly sensible man, who kept himself well up to the spirit of the age, without being in anywise carried away by it.

It was principally for his wife's sake that he had so early given up his profession, and settled down on the ancestral estates where she had been born and bred. Although she was quite fitted, intellectually, to be his companion, still her whole heart and soul was in her farm, her hemp and potato fields, her stately farm-yard, and her gardens, in which she grew the finest vegetables, the largest quantity of cabbages for the winter store, and always produced lettuce a fortnight before Mrs. Elfner of the parsonage.

Sophy was her only daughter, light of foot and light of heart, now and then, it is true, rather shy and awkward; but from her dark eyes shone such a fresh and living spirit, that it was readily excused. Still she was not all that she ought to be; and the mayor's Mathilda, and Paulina the vicar's daughter, from the neighboring town, often talked very seriously about Sophy's want of cultivation. She had not read any of Schiller's works, and had scarcely so much as heard of Goethe, although they were in her father's library; and when Mathilda wanted to lend her Frederica Bremer's last work, she said, "Well, you know I have really so much to do during the day, that I don't care to read in the evenings besides."

Even her mother, though she could scarcely boast of a very classical education herself, was troubled about this total indifference to her mental improvement, on account of which Sophy was so very much behind the demands of the age, and thought it would be well to send the girl for a year to Stuttgart.

But her father saw this wild rose unfold itself, and climb unrestrained round its home, with incomprehensible indifference; and the childlike freshness of the girl, who was at the same time an obedient and diligent child, was the joy of his heart—now feeding the birds, now comforting the screaming children of the neighbors, whose mothers were out in the fields—or sporting with them on the village green, while cousin Clara was laboriously practicing duets with the schoolmaster, or reading novels, with sundry yawns and stretches.

Clara, the squire's niece, had been early left an orphan, and found a home under his roof. She had a fine full figure, and fair hair and complexion, and though but a year or two older than Sophy, was much more cultivated. She had been two years at Stuttgart, and had learnt dancing and embroidery, dressmaking and millinery, and had also heard a course of lectures on literature, of which she still had certain undefined recollections. She dressed herself well, worked samplers, and caricatured flowers; and in society, when she was not exactly able to join in the conversation, she at any rate gave herself airs that looked as though she knew much better than any one else, and did not care to give others the benefit of her superior wisdom; so that all the world thought it quite natural that the young medical man who had lately settled in the nearest market-town, and had been engaged as family doctor by the squire, should pay particular attention to Clara, more especially as she was supposed to be an heiress. He had not, indeed, as far as was known, expressly paid court to her; but still, he was to be found the livelong day at the Hall. Never before had every slight indisposition of any member of the household received such a thorough and lengthened course of treatment.

A splint, which Clara had got in her finger, required a week's attendance, and the good mamma was obliged to have a wart on her nose removed with caustics and compresses, whose existence she had long ago forgotten, and which had long ceased to derogate from her beauty; and once Kate, the old housemaid, told with fits of laughter, how the doctor now thought she must have a sprain, because she had got her foot slightly bruised.

The neighborhood was so rich in medical men, that it was not to be wondered at that the doctor, notwithstanding his well-known ability, should devote so much time to this one household. He was tired of playing at chess with his druggist for half a day at a time, and bewailing the healthiness of the population; and it was most likely on account of this want of practice that he kept his intentions about Clara so long in the background. Clara, who had an excessively quiet heart (if she had indeed a heart at all), was very well contented to pass for the doctor's adored one, but did not further trouble herself about the matter.

The doctor, a cheerful and enjoying companion, was always welcomed by young and old at the Hall; and even Sophy, who could seldom be prevailed upon to take part tamely and quietly in cultivated society, let herself be seen when he was there, and occasionally made remarks which were even more sensible than cousin Clara's airs; so that her mother thought

that if it ever came to the point with the doctor and Clara, they must send her over to them for a time; the doctor would best be able to make something of her.

It was a most remarkable occurrence when one day Sophy herself looked pale, and complained of a headache after a sleigh drive, in which the doctor had driven Clara, who could no longer find room in the squire's old sleigh.

Notwithstanding her extreme unwillingness to allow it, her mother sent for the doctor, who, as might be supposed, did not make lighter of this than of former illnesses in the house; he thought of all kinds of serious turns that it might take, and ordered all kinds of remedies and preventives.

The mother would not let herself be hindered from sitting up with Sophy, who, however, slept like a top, and awoke fresh and rosy in the morning. But her mother positively forbade her getting up till the doctor had seen her.

He came early in the morning, and notwithstanding the minutest examination, found but few symptoms of illness—"Only her pulse is rather quick, and this high color in her face seems to me rather serious; I think, at any rate, we had better apply six leeches." So poor Sophy had to atone for her deep blushing on the entrance of the young doctor, by the bites of half-a-dozen leeches.

One evening, not long after Sophy had so luckily recovered from this dangerous illness, the young doctor came in an especially happy state of mind, to tell his friends of his having at last got an appointment he had long coveted, with a very remunerative salary.

They congratulated him heartily on his good luck; the squire was only sorry to lose such an agreeable neighbor. The mother thought, "How vexatious that Clara would go to the Casino to-day, when the doctor would most likely have wished to have made her an offer," and pondered in her mind whether she should have the people work at the Hall for Clara's outfit, or send everything out to be done.

Sophy had escaped away unobserved, most likely because she thought it would be proper to congratulate the doctor, and did not know how to do; and it was not till he was preparing to depart, after having lingered much longer than was proper, that she turned up. She lighted him down stairs, and then the still hesitating visitor begged her to show him her young hares (Sophy always had a little menagerie). Although it was rather late, Sophy goodnaturedly complied, and went down with him to the little room where she kept them. The mother thought it was not quite suitable, but the squire only laughed, and told her to let them alone.

Not long afterwards they heard the doctor shut the front door and gallop away as fast as he could, although he had come on foot. But Sophy rushed upstairs with cheeks hot and glowing, and dashed into the room.

"What is it? What is the matter? What has happened to you?" asked the squire.

"Oh, such a thing never happened to me in all my life!" screamed Sophy.

"Well, what then?" asked her mother.

"The doctor wants to marry me!" Sophy burst out, and began to cry, because she did not know what to do.

"Well, that is a nice fellow," said the squire, pretending to be very angry, "talking of marriage to an innocent child, and making it weep such bitter tears. I will tell him directly what I think of it. I will write him such a letter that he won't stick up in his looking glass," and off he went to his room in a great rage.

He had not been there very long when Sophy came in; she had already dried up her tears.

"Father," she began, very timidly, "I think you should not exactly send an express messenger to the doctor; it—it——"

"Why? Why not? you poor injured child!"

"It—it would cost too much," said Sophy, in the greatest embarrassment.

"Oh you careful child!" laughed the delighted squire. "What a good housewife you will make! Well, well, we will leave it for the present, until we can tell the doctor face to face that one must not talk of marriage to children of seventeen."

"Yes, but grandmamma was only sixteen," said Sophy, and she took to her heels as fast as she could.

Well, the doctor came again, and they talked over the matter face to face, and he did not order Sophy any more leeches, though her face had a still deeper crimson hue than before.

The marriage was very properly delayed a little, but there was a merry betrothing feast before the doctor left. Clara was of course very much astonished, but still she contrived to bear the loss of her lover with dignity and resignation; she made a pretty bridesmaid, and soon after comforted herself by the side of a long-legged conveyancer.

I don't know if the doctor got Sophy to read Schiller and Goethe; but this I do know, that she never regretted the unheard-of event which happened to her in her rabbit-room, and that she never repented having spared that messenger's fee.

SMALL ANIMALS VS. LARGE.

Some women may be pluckier than others; some are, in fact. One member of the fair sex personally known to the writer was recently brave enough to rout a party of burglars who, one evening during her husband's absence, entered the house on business intent. This lady, however, who had thus given proof of her nerve and presence of mind at a trying moment, was the veriest coward in other circumstances, and should a mouse happen to run across the room, would at once jump on a chair and scream like—well, like a woman usually does at such times.

We must not, however, be hard on the gentle sex. Women are not alone in possessing a horror of mice and such like, as witness the peculiar results of some recent experiments on big animals in a menagerie.

In the first of these a mouse was introduced into an elephant's enclosure, whereupon the ponderous animal stood first of all motionless, staring at the intruder, apparently helpless from fright. Then elevating his trunk, he trumpeted loudly and fled to the farthest corner, hiding his head like an ostrich is—by the way erroneously—supposed to do to escape danger. His excitement and fright continued until the puny cause of it was removed, and it was some hours afterwards before he quieted down.

A similar experiment was made with tigers. A fine specimen of a Bengal tiger was reposing gracefully with extended paws when a mouse was slipped into the cage. The effect was astonishing. Fixing his eyes on the mouse, the huge animal slowly drew back his paws and raised himself to a sitting posture, trembling visibly and uttering mournful howls the whole time. Then with one spring he jumped to the farthest end of the cage, where he sat blinking, every now and again giving vent to his feelings in a miserable cry.

The question was—would a lion, the king of beasts, behave in a similar manner? All doubts on that point were soon settled, for a couple of rats were introduced into the cage which contained two lions. The rodents were aggressive, and immediately started attacking the wild beasts; and although by one stroke of the paw the lions might have put an end to the life of the invaders, they preferred to run away. Round and round the cage they raced, the lions running as though for dear life, and the rats pursuing and making snatches at them. This continued until one of the rats was accidentally trodden upon and killed by the beasts; the other was then driven out of the cage.

Apparently only the larger wild animals have this decided horror of rodents, for when a trial was made with a puma and a rat, the latter was no sooner put into the cage than the puma, with the same unerring leap that a cat makes for a mouse, sprang upon it and sent the lifeless body spinning in the air.

The peculiar aversion of the lion, tiger, and elephant to mice and rats has been attributed to various causes. It certainly looks like fear, yet there is another and perhaps more feasible solution. It has been proved that large beasts of prey have a great dislike to the odor of rodents, and even if introduced into the cage in a covered box, will tremble visibly. It is explained that the peculiar odor affects a certain very sensitive nerve, and results in an acute feeling of repulsion. It is thus disgust, not fear, that makes the animal tremble.

As a proof that this theory is probably correct, it is mentioned as a fact that a dead mouse will bring about the same remarkable result as a live one.

UNSOUND TEETH.—The belief that unsound teeth belong only to a highly civilized state of life seems to be a prevalent one. But a high authority says that a very different conclusion was reached more than 20 years ago, after an inquiry extending over more than a decade. Over 2000 skulls were examined, including all the available collections in Great Britain. Among 30 skulls of ancient Egyptians there were 15 with carious teeth; among 76 Anglo-Saxon skulls, 12; among 146 skulls of Roman-Britons, 41, and among 44 miscellaneous skulls of ancient Britons, 9. Several other collections gave like results. Examining skulls of savage races, 27.7 per cent. of Tasmanians were found to have dental caries, 20.45 per cent. of native Australians, 26.25 per cent. of the natives of East Africa, and 27.96 per cent. of the natives of West Africa.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A consignment of fifty young women, "sound, good-looking, under 20 years of age and carefully selected," says the report, have been sent to West Australia at the expense of the Colonial Government, in order to provide wives for the colonists. West Australia, according to recent accounts, is surpassingly rich in gold; but Eden itself was a desolation for Adam before the advent of Eve, and without women West Australia's crown of gold lacked the gems.

Ghosts appear to be becoming quite common in and about New York. The latest spirit of this kind to make things interesting for the living inhabitants has been dancing in a room on Third avenue, with interludes of arm flinging. The apparition appears to be a female with black spots where the eyes should be and with the form covered by a white mantle. A man threw a stone at the spectre the other night which passed clean through it, apparently without inconvenience to the ghost.

Some time ago a lot of pennies was received at the Treasury Department for redemption. Among them was a coin which was rejected. The Treasury would not give one cent for it. A clerk in the office redeemed it and gave it to Congressman Johnson, of North Dakota, who sent it to th Smithsonian to be identified, and later he received word that the coin is of the mintage of the year 284 A. D. and circulated in the time of Emperor Diocletian. It is a very valuable relic, worth many times its weight in gold.

An officious Brooklyn policeman has been reprimanded by a Magistrate for having arrested on a charge of "lounging" a young man whose only offense was that he had been paying attention to the apple of his eye on her front stoop. There is fortunately a distinction between courtship and lounging, and properly so. If the young man's fancy lightly turns to love at this season, and he stoops to conquer, what of it? Is that any reason why he should be thrust into a dungeon cell and into the companionship of burglars and murderers?

Joseph La Point, of Ithaca, N. Y., two weeks ago lost $500 in bank bills. A few days ago he offered a reward of $50 for its recovery. On Friday night, when La Point went to bed, he hung his coat on the bedpost as usual. When he put it on next morning he found a roll of bill in one of the pockets. It was evidently the same roll he had lost, with the exception of $50, which was the amount of the reward offered, which whoever had put the money in the coat pocket had kept. La Point will now give $50 more to know who that person was and how he got into his bedroom.

A Custom House examiner on the pier of a New York Atlantic liner is authority for the statement that people coming from abroad this year are not bringing home so many clothes as they have in years gone by. New York men who cross often carry one steamer trunk. People from the West usually come with the largest stock of garments. Passengers who have come back from their first voyage cause the most trouble. They are usually overstocked with everything. It is easy to recognize them as first voyagers, because they run about the pier chasing up their trunks as though they were the only passengers on the ship.

A long-whiskered rat was captured in the cellar of No. 38 West Thirtieth street, New York, just as Broadway was crowded the other afternoon. A dog peddler who was passing begged that the rodent be given to him for the amusement of his dog. This was done and a crowd gathered to see the fun. The rat was dropped simultaneously with the release of the dog, but the two darted in opposite directions. The rat dashed up Broadway until he reached the grating under the Bijou Theatre. His trail was marked by fainting and hysterical women. It was several minutes before Policeman Ryan, of the West Thirtieth Street Station, who was on that post, could be persuaded that a caravan of ambulances was not necessary. The drug stores in their neighborhood did a good business in restoratives, however.

Inventors have long had in mind the idea of propelling a boat by fins, on the same principle as that exemplified in the movements of a fish through the water. A model of the latest invention in this line was tested a few days ago off the Battery, in New York harbor, and it is said that engineers were amazed at the results. The action of the fins is said to be such that there is no dead water, and also no drag. There is no wave or foamy wake produced, and hence no commotion in the water—a claim, if verified, might make the fin-boat useful for canal service. The theory that the motion of a fish embodies the maximum of effect with the minimum expenditure of power is doubtless correct. Whether the idea has found full and successful application in the invention under trial is another question. But the claim of the inventor would certainly seem to merit respectful attention.

WOMAN NATURE.—Ethel: "I met your father at the door as I was coming in. He appeared to be very angry."

Maud: "He was. I had just revealed a great truth to him."

Ethel: "Yes?"

Maud: "He thinks he understands human nature thoroughly.

Ethel: "How like my father!"

Maud: "But he forgot that exceptions are usually required to prove every rule, according to the popular belief."

Ethel: "Explain, dear."

Maud: "You know how bitterly he is opposed to my engagement with Jack Lalush?"

Ethel: "Yes. He wishes you to marry Mr. Dollerby."

Maud: "Exactly. And his theory was that if he opposed Mr. Dollerby's suit and favored Jack's I would go contrary to his expressed wishes, and in that way everything would end as he desired. Well, I understood enough about his nature and ideas of human nature to know that; and so, when he denounced Mr. Dollerby, and forbade him to call on me, and expressed himself in favor of Jack, I surprised and completely disgusted him by cheerfully acquiescing."

Ethel: "How clever you are! But I got out of a difficulty of the same kind with my father in a way that I enjoyed much more."

Maud: "Tell me."

Ethel: "He wishes me to marry Harry Cutlass, and I love George Prettiboy. I accepted Harry, and then flirted so dreadfully with George that Harry hasn't been near the house for days, and he won't speak to me now."

Maud: "Have a caramel, dear. If our fathers meet at the club they will probably come to the conclusion that an extensive knowledge of human nature doesn't imply a knowledge of woman nature."

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

MISS TRYPHÆNA'S CATS.

BY T. B. C.

MISS TRYPHÆNA GAYNESFORD lived with her one servant and three cats in a house called Woodbine Cottage, although why it should be called so was a puzzle, since it was neither a cottage, nor was there the faintest sign of woodbine about it. Woodbine Cottage was in fact one of a row of houses; but Miss Tryphæna was an exclusive lady, and would have nothing to do with the people who lived on either side of her. She was much annoyed when No. 14 was taken possession of by a flourishing young family, all learning the piano, for the partition walls were thin, and Miss Tryphæna did not care for music.

She found the daily practicing very hard to bear; the scales gave her the creeps, and the five-finger exercises the jumps; and even when you came to the tunes you were not much better off. The eldest Miss Bunce could play "Home, Sweet Home" and "Annie Laurie" without more than two mistakes in every other bar; but the second Miss Bunce had not got beyond a painfully simple arrangement of "God Save the Queen," while the third Miss Bunce and the fourth Miss Bunce, both in pinafores, were still floundering among the lines and spaces, being apparently much annoyed by them.

Then there was the son and heir, Master Algernon Sidney Bunce, who judging from the noise he made, might have performed his practicing with his feet instead of his hands, and who generally howled during the course of his music lesson, and always kicked his boots against the music-stool.

All this made matters very lively indeed for Miss Gaynesford, and very soon notes began to fly between the two houses, such as there—

"Miss Tryphæna Gaynesford's compliments, and she finds the incessant thumping on the piano most annoying. Will Mrs. Bunce have the goodness not to let her children make so much noise."

An answer came back in ten minutes—

"Mrs. Bartholomew Bunce's compliments, and she is sorry Miss Gaynesford is so fanciful. Why does she not put some cotton-wool in her ears?"

This made Tryphæna furious, and she wrote another note—

"Miss Gaynesford's compliments, and she will be much obliged if Mrs. Bunce will control her children better. The thumping is intolerable; or Miss Gaynesford will speak to the police."

Algy Bunce, with a broad grin on his freckled face, brought a reply—

"Mrs. Bunce's compliments, and she will be much obliged if Miss Gaynesford will control her cats better. The miaowing at night is beyond everything; or Mrs. B. will speak to an inspector."

Miss Tryphæna turned pale with anger, but she did not complain of the practicing any more. For, oh! her cats, Marquis, Duchess, and Countess, were the joy and pride of her life; and she knew to her sorrow that the last two were not always ready to come in at night, and that the Marquis had been known to walk in with the milk in the morning, looking so unutterably prim that you could see with half an eye the rogue had been up to mischief.

Miss Tryphæna shuddered. Could it be true that her cherished darlings caterwauled upon the roofs like common cats, and attended concerts on the garden wall in company with the grocer's Tibby, the baker's Tabby, and the butcher's gray old Tom?

She wrote no more notes after this, and bore the thumping and the scales and "Annie Laurie" and "God Save the Queen" as best she might. But she was much displeased with the whole tribe of Bunce, and stared up into the sky at an invisible bird whenever she happened to meet any of them.

What annoyed her too, not a little, was that her cats should strike up an intimacy with the Bunce dog; an animal with a stump of a tail and no fine feelings at all. She could not bear to see Marquis, Duchess, and Countess sitting in a row on the wall between the two gardens, exchanging compliments with this common Stumpy.

But they would do it all the same, and never seemed to see how they were lowering themselves. They ought to have known better, but being perverse pussies, they enjoyed his society, for Stumpy was affable and amusing, and as he was chained up the best part of the day, he felt glad enough to talk to anyone, even a cat.

To add to Miss Gaynesford's worries, her great nephew, Felix, arrived to spend his holidays with her—arrived without any invitation whatever.

"Dearest Aunt Tryphæna," wrote Felix's mother, "you are so kind hearted that I am sure you will not mind having my boy for a few weeks. Mabel and Meta developed the mumps last Monday, and if Felix comes here from school, he will be certain to catch them, and perhaps not be able to return. He is a good boy, and will give you very little trouble."

"Well, I never!" cried Miss Tryphæna, aghast. "Send a boy here who will break everything to a certainty, and forget to use the scraper and the door-mat! I never did, in all my life, never!"

But it mattered very little what the good lady did or never did in all her life, for before she could write home and say that boys disagreed with her, Felix walked in, and gave her such a hearty hug that her cap nearly came off.

"How do you do, Aunt Tryphæna? Mother sends her love, and hopes I shan't be a bother to you."

His aunt looked at him through her spectacles. He was a handsome boy, and he certainly had a most aristocratic nose, and Miss Tryphæna thought a good deal of noses, and could not bear a snub one. If Felix's, therefore, had turned up instead of down, it would have made all the difference; as it was, she actually began to smile grimly, when her eyes traveled downwards, and she gave a horrified shriek.

"Felix! What is that thing in your pocket?"

Felix smiled cheerfully as he brought out a small white creature, at the sight of which Miss Tryphæna promptly got upon the nearest chair.

"It's only my mouse Toby, aunt, and you needn't be frightened; he's the jolliest little fellow you ever saw, and he'll take bits of cheese out of your mouth, if you'll let him."

"Take it away directly; don't let it come near me, I can't endure the sight of a mouse," cried his aunt; "where are the cats, oh, where are the cats? Felix, how naughty of you to bring that dreadful little animal here!"

Felix could not repress a grin at the sight of Miss Tryphæna waving an antimacassar at the unconscious Toby.

"I won't let him go, aunt, and he would not bite you even if I did; he's as harmless as a kitten."

"Kitten! I wish we had a dozen kittens here, or anything that was a good mouser," cried Miss Gaynesford; and Felix, being a prudent boy, marched off with his pet. He was wise enough to know that it is often best not to discuss a question; but there was a world of amusement and mischief in his brown eyes.

"Aunt Tryphæna is odd," said he to Toby, but Toby answered never a word.

Miss Gaynesford had a poor opinion of boys in general, but she was obliged to admit that, as boys went, her nephew was not as bad as he might have been. For he was always cheerful, and entertained his aunt with the most remarkable tales of school life. Miss Tryphæna heard for instance about the master, nicknamed for some mysterious reason, Snuffy Tiger; also about another master whom the boys called Shoddy bags; also about the two Haywards who were always getting licked, and about a certain ingenious youth who "caught it" for putting oil in the schoolroom ink-wells. She heard too of Millet minor, who made a paper kettle and boiled a bantam's egg in it; and she learnt that it was the height of fashion and luxury to dissolve slabs of Turkish Delight in your tea.

Every quarter Felix's aunt was accustomed to take a journey to London, going in the morning and returning in the afternoon. When the time came round, she did not take Felix with her, and the boy himself was quite content to stay at home. But imagine the good lady's dismay when she returned, to see her nephew seated upon the grass-plot of No. 14, the centre of an admiring group of young Bunces.

They were all there, down to Stumpy, wagging his miserable little apology for a tail; and worse than that, Miss Tryphæna's cherished cats had also gone over to the enemy. The second Miss Bunce was feeding Countess with cake, Duchess was curled up in the lap of another of the children, while the Marquis—actually the Marquis—was rolling upon his noble back upon the grass, and stretching out all his noble claws in an ecstasy of ease and enjoyment. It seemed a shame to disturb such a happy party, but Miss Tryphæna thought otherwise.

"Oh, those Bunces!" she muttered, and fetched the dinner bell out of the front passage, which she liked to speak of as the "hall." Then she flung the window wide open, and rang such a peal that the children nearly jumped out of their shoes, and Stumpy began to bark furiously, under the impression that it was either fire, robbers, or rats. Felix turned very red; but he got up quite quietly, shook hands with everybody all round, patted Stumpy, and then swung himself over the wall.

"Felix," said his aunt in an awful voice, "I am very much displeased with you. How could you take my precious cats into such company? Those Bunces have no manners."

"I don't see what harm they could do to your cats," returned Felix boldly.

"They might lower the tone of their minds," said Miss Tryphæna solemnly. "My cherished children are so exquisitely refined, Felix."

"Ho!" observed naughty Felix derisively; "they wouldn't know a cat's-meat man if they saw him; not they!"

His aunt held up her hands in horror at the bare idea; and then just at that moment, as it happened, there was a shrill cry of "Meat! meat!" and down the street came a man in a striped apron, carrying a basket.

"Meat! meat!" came all through his nose, but what did the cats care? to them it sounded like the most delicious music in the world.

From all sides they came flocking; they flew down the steps, they bounced up out of the areas, they popped through the railings; one even scrambled out of the coal cellar through the little round hold where the coals go down. And the terrible part of it all was that Miss Tryphæna's refined and highly-trained cats insisted upon joining the giddy throng, miaowing in chorus around the man in the striped apron. They would go; and while their mistress was shutting the door, they all jumped out of the window.

Felix roared—he could not help it, it was such a funny sight; but Miss Tryphæna stalked away with a very grim face. But if she objected to the cat's-meat man, her cherished pussies liked him very much indeed; and the song that Marquis sang that night to Miss Kitty Snowflake on the roof was all about "Meat, meat! beautiful meat!"

"FLOWERY" JOKES.—The Chinese have a jest-book, and its name is Siao li Siao. Here are a contemporary's translations of some of the jests. The reader will be struck by the similarity of many of them to Western jokes. A confirmed drunkard in his dreams imagined that he had found a cup of excellent toddy, and put it by the fire to warm in order to bring its flavor out the better. But the moment that he attempted to taste the delicious draught he awoke. "Fool that I was," he cried, "why could I not have drunk it cold?"

A certain man had his portrait painted, and when it was finished the painter requested him to inquire of the passers by what they thought of it in order that he might know how he had succeeded. The other agreed, and asked the first-comer, "Do you think this picture like?" "The hat is extremely like," replied the would-be critic. He asked a similar question of a second stranger, who answered that the clothes seemed to be exactly reproduced. He was about to interrogate a third when the painter stopped him, "The resemblance of the hat and clothes is of no importance. Ask the gentleman what he thinks of the face." The stranger hesitated a very long time; but at last, not being able to escape giving an answer, he replied, "The beard and the hair are first-rate!"

A man of letters, reading late at night, became aware that a burglar was breaking through the wall of his house. He happened to have a tea-pot full of boiling water standing before the fire, and this he took, placing it by the side of the wall while he waited for the burglar. When the burglar had made an opening, he thrust his legs through first, whereupon the man of letters grasped them firmly and drenched them with boiling water. The burglar uttered a piercing cry and begged for mercy. But the other, continuing to pour out the water, replied gravely, "Only wait till I have emptied my tea pot!"

"A SOFT ANSWER," ETC.—Young wife, pettishly: "You always seemed to have plenty of money before we were married." Loving husband: "It was only seeming. I had very little." Young wife: "And you told me you expected to be rich." Loving husband: "I am rich, my dear. I've got you." She subsided.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The cricket promises to succeed the chameleon as a pet.

A Massachusetts judge has decided that ice cream is a necessity.

There are in Washington six streets, big and little, named after Jackson.

There are 4,570,000 more women than men in Europe at the present time.

The first Bible printed with a date, it is said, was finished by Faust in 1642.

At the bottom of the deep seas the water is only a few degrees above freezing point.

Nearly a million and a half dollars remain unclaimed in the New York savings banks.

The choir of an Episcopal church in Baltimore has indulged in the luxury of a strike.

The ivy was used as a sign for taverns in old times because it was sacred to Bacchus.

"Sunday sacred concerts, good boats and bait," are advertised attractions of Lake Pushaw, Me.

The mean distance from the centre of Saturn to Jopetus, its outermost satellite, is 2,220,000 miles.

The 270,000 gypsies of Hungary must settle down at once, six families at least in each commune.

The Capitol at Washington, it is said, has cost the country $30,000,000 to build and keep in repair.

The stone-cutting industry of New York is reported to be almost entirely in the hands of Scotchmen.

Prisoners when arrested in Morocco are required to pay the officer for his trouble in taking them to jail.

Two New Orleans brothers, one 16 years old and the other 12, weigh respectively 40 pounds and 15 pounds.

On the road between Seabright and Monmouth, N. J., can be seen the fish market of Messrs. Cook & Kettel.

The rare instance of the coming of age of a whole trio of triplets was celebrated recently at Whitenast, England.

At a depth of 2500 fathoms the pressure of the water is, roughly speaking, two-and-a-half tons to the square inch.

A clock owned by R. S. Lillibridge, living near Keesville, Florida, has been in the possession of his family for 100 years.

Business men of New York city who employ 20,000 boys have determined to give preference to boys who do not smoke cigarettes.

The Chinese laundrymen of Boston are about to form a trust for the purpose of keeping prices for work up so the proper standard.

Railway employes in England are now instructed in first aid to the injured, under the auspices of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

To relieve the horses, a car-starter has been invented. A strong steel coil, when tightened by a lever, stops the car, and another movement sets it in motion.

New York and Boston together have ten miles less of paved streets than has the city of Chicago. Philadelphia has 40 miles more of paved streets than New York and St. Louis together.

Opinions differ as to the correct form in dining tables. John Bull loves a round table, the German is partial to an oval board, and the French like the cold square lines; in America all three are used.

The invention of bells is attributed by some of the best foreign campanologists to the Egyptians, who are credited with having made use of such percussion instruments to announce the sacred feast of Osiris.

New Bedford, Mass., has electric lights, like other well-regulated towns, but a peculiar fact about the contract with the company is that the lights are extinguished whenever the moon shines or is advertised to shine.

A professor in the University of Geneva has asserted in a paper recently published that "all the inventive energies of science are now directed to the superseding of the human leg as a means of locomotion," and he predicts the ultimate disappearance of that appendage.

At Alyth, in Scotland, the other day, a curious incident occurred in connection with the capture of a rat. An ordinary wire rat trap was set with a bait of corn. The next evening, when the trap was inspected, there was in it a female rat, sitting suckling eight young ones that had been born captive.

One day recently a crack suddenly appeared in the earth at Elkhart, Ind. It has since been growing in size daily, and is now about 60 feet in depth, 3 feet wide and 400 feet long. Already the foundation walls of one structure have been swallowed up, and many buildings are threatened. The phenomena is supposed to be caused by the falling in of an underground stream.

HEARTSEASE.

BY M. E. S.

Which of the flow'rs shall I choose to crown
The locks of my bonnie queen—
The red, red rose or the lily pale
That bends o'er her leaves of green,
Shall I leave all these and, bending low,
Pluck the heartsease-blossoms sweet
That the wayside deck, and gem the grass
Beneath the traveler's feet?

An emblem meet for the maiden fair,
For a heartsease true is she,
With her smiling face that cheers our path
And fills our hearts with glee—
No hot-house flower, but a simple bloom
That decks the wayside drear
And lifts to the skies her bonnie face
With ne'er a thought of fear!

NORWEGIAN FOLKLORE.

The stern grandeur of nature in Norway, the monotony of the long dark winters, and the wonderful fertility of the bright summers, have all manifestly contributed to the mythology of the Norsemen. Recent scientific investigations have proved that the Old Norse myths recorded in the elder Edda bear traces of the Christian religion and the Roman mythology transplanted on Northern ground and in a wholly national form.

The popular imagination peopled nature with supernatural beings with habits and occupations akin to the inhabitants themselves. In the valleys of the interior of Norway, away from the deep woods and rich pastures, the "huldre" reigns supreme. Those who see her are generally shepherd-boys or milkmaids, who tend their flocks and herds on the "seter" in summer. To them the huldre appears as a tall and lovely woman with golden hair, driving a large herd of well-fed kine before her. But her beauty is but skin deep, for in reality she is ugly and disgusting, and her garments cannot hide the emblem of her origin—the cow's tail. So great is the fascination she wields, that those who come under her influence forget everything for love of her.

Often when the peasant is cutting trees in the wood, he sees a fair girl sitting on the grass with her knitting, or he meets her driving her cattle. If he follows her, he will be taken into the mountain, and for ever say farewell to the society of men. The only way to save such is to set all church-bells a-chiming, and then the elves must let their victim go. But even when rescued from the enchantment, he who has been in the mountain never loses the impress which his life with the huldre has made upon him; he grows visionary, and never goes anywhere without seeing elves. There is, however, one way of seeing the huldre without harm, and that is if one can only get hold of the cap of invisibility, a most accommodating article of dress. Having this on, one is safe, and can without danger brave everything.

As the huldre is met with among the mountains, so the "nisse" is busy in the stables, and keeps to the house as a domestic spirit. He appears as a little old man with a long gray beard, dressed in gray, and with a red pointed cap on his head. If treated kindly, he is good-natured, and lends a helping hand; the horses which he feeds are always glossy and well kept, and everything thrives under his care. But if he is taken no notice of, he takes his revenge in doing all sorts of mischief, and makes it thoroughly hot for the poor inmates of the house.

As life in Nordland is harder and more exposed to danger than in the southern parts of the country, so the folklore assumes a darker and wilder hue. In the autumn storms, when the fisherman is sailing for dear life through the stormy seas, the shrieks of "drangen" make his blood curdle, for a look from the drang means death. This evil spirit, so feared by the sea-faring part of the nation, appears as an old gray-haired man racing through the waves with the horror-stricken fisherman. Sometimes his hands only are visible, clinging to the thwart, but this is as ominous as seeing him in his large boat.

The clergy have from olden times been considered as peculiarly adapted to dealing with evil spirits. By the aid of the mysterious "black-book," they knew how to conjure up the evil powers and deprive them of their assumed forms. The Evil One—"Old Erik"—plays a prominent part in these encounters with the clergy. He is represented as an ordinary peasant with nothing specially diabolical about him. The only suspicious thing to a close observer is the fact—and here he bears some resemblance to his Scotch kinsman—that his left leg is furnished with a horse's hoof, and that his nails are extraordinarily developed. Old Erik delights in playing all sorts of tricks on people; he plays at cards with the peasants, cheating them disgracefully; places himself in the middle of the road, frightening the horses out of their wits, and does many other things more serious.

The Norwegian peasant has in times past been skilled in music and in the making of his own favorite instrument, the violin. But the musician has not learned the sad sweet airs and wild weird dances from a human teacher. Sitting by the banks of a "foe," he has been listening to the music of its denizen the "fossegrim." He who wishes to profit by the teaching of the fossegrim must go to the river and throw in a large leg of mutton, and then the fossegrim will appear to him in the midst of the "foe" playing on his violin. His strains are enchanting; at one moment so sad and touching as to make one weep; then, again, merry like a whirling dance, or expressive of wild passionate feeling. Whether the pupil will become a good musician or not depends upon the size of his gift; and if the leg of mutton is a very large one, he will be a true artist.

VICE VERSA.—"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk.

"These are not the latest styles, are they?" she asked when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," said the clerk; "we've had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion-paper says that black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The shop clerk explained that the vice versa was French for seven buttons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.

Grains of Gold.

Happiness is never found by running after it.

Big words often make a poor cloak for a small idea.

The man who is not a friend will never have one.

It doesn't take either love or heroism to be a grumbler.

The man who borrows trouble always has to pay big interest.

Unless we are willing to keep all the commandments we will not keep any.

One of the things for which we find most fault with others, is not agreeing with us.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

No matter what our environment may be, life cannot be a failure if we do our prayerful best.

No abilities, however splendid, can command success without labor and persevering application.

Power is so characteristically calm that calmness in itself has the aspect of power, and forbearance implies strength.

It is a happy thing for us that this is really all we have to concern about, what to do next. No man can do the second thing.

There are many persons who are too ready to criticise others' work or conduct; and the only idea of criticism they have is to overlook merits and detect blemishes.

The key to success, in any department of life, is self-denial. Idleness, laziness, wastefulness, come from lack of it; while industry, promptitude, economy, thrift, and a successful career are the result of it.

Femininities.

When a man steals a girl's love he generally returns it.

The cause of the unpopularity of the amethyst for jewelry is that it loses its color at night.

Queen Olga, of Greece, has been appointed an Admiral in the Russian fleet by her cousin, the Czar.

There is an old French couple in New York, neither of whom, after a residence of forty years in America, can speak English.

Sheriff Bucker, of Sullivan county, N. Y., is in danger of losing his arm, in consequence of a bite inflicted upon it by a woman.

A gallon punch bowl that once belonged to Lafayette has been presented by a lady of Roxbury, Mass., to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

A Wabash, Ind., woman, who quarreled with and separated from her husband, has sold to him all right to and title in their baby for six dollars.

A poor woman was describing to an acquaintance how kind her spouse had been during her illness. "He was very good to me; he was—more like a friend than a usband."

When the average man says frankly, "I can't afford it," you will usually find on investigation that it is something his wife wants and not something that he wants himself.

At an oratorial contest held at Milbank, South Dakota, recently, the prize was won by Miss Emma Vanderhaded, a young Sioux Indian girl from the Sisseton agency.

Young mother: "Wake up! Quick! Quick! You must run for the doctor." Young father: "Eh? What's the matter?" Young mother: "Baby has stopped smiling in her sleep."

Clara: "Jack intends to have everything his own way when we are married." Clara's mamma: "Then why do you marry him?" Clara: "To relieve his mind of a false impression."

"Am I as dear to you as ever, George?" asked the wife, caressingly. "My love," answered George, candidly, "since you took to tailor-made clothes, you grow dearer and dear every day."

The Marquis of Dufferin and Eva is said to be the owner of the smallest book in the world. It is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs, and is claimed to be but half the size of a postage stamp.

Miss Dhanbai Fardonjer Banajee, aged 18 years, of Bombay, is the first woman to go from India to Paris for art study. She has succeeded in having one of her pictures hung in the Paris Salon.

"Fagging" has become entirely obsolete at Eton. Thirty years ago it was carried on with great brutality. "Tom Brown at Rugby" has, it is said, done more to kill the old system in English colleges than any other agency.

Two Mexican cowboys fell in love with the same girl, and, with the young woman's consent, settled the matter by a duel. Both were seriously wounded, but it is said the young woman will keep to her agreement and marry the victor as soon as he is able to be about.

Little Bertha came home from school the other day in a state of great excitement. Rushing in upon her mother, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, guess what we're going to do!" "Nothing very dreadful, I hope, my dear." "Why, our class is studying botany, and we're going to tantalize the flowers next week."

A four-year-old girl fell from the third-story window of a Cincinnati house last Sunday night. Her mother ran down stairs, expecting to find her baby dead, but the little one lay with her head and shoulders upon the pillow which she had clutched as she tumbled from the window, and which broke her fall. "She showed not a sign of injury, and did not even cry."

"How can I leave you, my darling?" murmured a lover, in tones of distressing tenderness, as he observed both hands of the clock approach a perpendicular on the dial. "Well, John," responded the girl, with wicked innocence, "can you take your choice. If you go through the hall you will be liable to wake up father, and if you leave by way of the back shed you'll be likely to wake up the dog!"

An Elkton, Ky., girl had some powdered charcoal for tooth-cleaning purposes near her powder puff. When an admirer rang she was sitting in the dark. She snatched up the puff, gave it a dab into the charcoal, passed it hastily over her face, went down stairs into the light, chatted gracefully with the young man for an hour and came back to light up and look in the glass. Her feelings may be imagined.

Rosa Bonheur is no longer the only woman artist who is entitled to wear upon her breast the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for a like distinction has just been bestowed upon Mme. Virginie Demont-Breton, the daughter of Jules Breton and the wife of Adrien Demont, both of them masters of the brush. Mme. Demont-Breton has for the last dozen years been a successful exhibitor, in the Paris Salon, of marine pictures. "She is a little bit of a woman, quite disproportionate in size to the big canvasses on which she works."

Masculinities.

Work is the application of an idea.

The greatest wrong we can do a man is to misjudge him.

Hoax: "What business is Busibody in?" Joax: "Everybody's."

The man who has a high opinion of himself doesn't know himself.

A thief was captured, tried, convicted and sentenced within a few hours in New York last week.

There are some young men who feel like going out for a lark after taking a few swallows at various places.

W. I. Twombly, of Portland, Me., has devised a bicycle to be propelled by other vapor instead of by either foot.

Professor Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet, contemplates removing permanently to the United States.

Chicago recently waged successful war against the sale of candy containing alcohol. New York is now doing the same.

It is stated that the cigarette is responsible for nearly two-thirds of the rejected applicants at West Point and Annapolis.

A man who was hanged the other day in Oregon is said to have been descended by two lines from the family of one of the Revolutionary heroes.

Only a few years ago the Shah of Persia had a peculating Governor, guilty of stealing the royal taxes, boiled to death in a closed chaldron of water.

Ike Saeger, of Canton, Ohio, sawed off the limb against which his ladder was resting while trimming trees the other day. He is still in the hospital.

A New York workman owns a cap which he values at $500. He calls it his "lucky" cap, and states that while he has had it the best of luck has been his.

A horse, which belonged to a Chicago thief, was turned loose the other day, and it led a party of policemen straight to a rendezvous of thieves, who were all captured.

In the dominions of the British Empire alone some 3000 individuals vanish every year without leaving any indication as to their whereabouts or ever appearing again.

Fogg pretends to have made the discovery that "better half," referring to one's wife, was originally written "bitter half." That means something, he says. The wretch.

A fashion paper says: "See that your trousers are properly creased before making a call." If you are calling on your girl, however, you generally press your suit after you get there.

Over 40 skeletons of white men have been unearthed by workmen at Caldwell, N. Y. The place is believed to have been a burying ground used during the French and Indian war in 1757.

The four best-known women's clubs of the country are the New York Sorosis, the New England Woman's Club, of Boston; the Chicago Woman's Club, and the New Century Club, of Philadelphia.

In Russia the Bishops are beginning to have their mitres made of aluminium. This takes a load off their heads, as the ordinary mitre weighs five or six pounds, and a metal one only one pound or so.

The merchant tailors of the town have sent to the authorities of the University of Gratz, Siberia, praying that hereafter no student shall be given his diploma unless he shall first show that he has paid his tailor bills.

In Australia great inconvenience is perienced in telegraph construction by the fondness of the natives for wire for bracelets, ear and nose rings, and their weakness for the porcelain insulators, which they fashion into arrowheads.

Doctor: "You must take more exercise." Patient: "Oh, doctor, that is impossible!" Doctor: "I tell you your health depends on your walking twice as much a day as you do now." Patient: "I really can't doctor. I'm a New York letter-carrier."

Willie Norton, a 10-year-old boy, living at Kalletville, N. Y., while riding his bicycle a few days ago, noticed a railroad bridge across a deep ravine to be on fire. He rode down the track and managed to signal and stop a heavily loaded passenger train.

William Bell, a colored man, buried a few days ago at Syracuse, N. Y., was born in the South in 1788. Mr. Bell always claimed that his great chum in early manhood was the body servant of George Washington, and that he knew the Father of His Country by sight.

Two persons hired a boat a few days ago and went sailing in Newark Bay. The craft was capsized and the occupants were with difficulty saved and landed. As soon as they set foot on shore the rescued parties left without either thanking their saviors or paying for the hiring of their boat.

In the last twenty years titles of nobility have almost disappeared in the French Chamber of Deputies, there being but sixty-five remaining instead of two hundred and twenty-two, as in 1871. Then there were thirty marquises instead of three, as at present. As no new ones are now created, the old stock will gradually die out.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Yellow, white, or pink and white are the favorite colors for evening wear. Flowers, especially roses with no stems, trim the white and pink gowns. Tulle is another trimming very much in vogue, and it is found easy to drape, inexpensive and cool. The spangles and paillettes so generally used to trim evening dresses abroad, are not so popular with us, as we prefer a softer and richer effect, rather than the brilliant, glittering one. Even the rich pearl passementeries are dispensed with for the summer gown, and soft folds and asperies of chiffon take their place.

All the white tints are worn, even the genuine blue white, which does not look so harsh in the pretty taffeta. Sleeves are large, of great diversity of shape, and may be made of the material of the gown or of the trimming. Many of them leave the top of the arm bare, accentuating the sloping shoulder effects. Some velvet is used in trimming, and there is always the delicate point lace to fall back on.

Many of the bodices show wired Marie Stuart collars, and the long puffed sleeves of the Stuart period, with lace ruffle below.

Chiffon is also in great demand for evening gowns. It may be bought embroidered, plain or changeable. Overskirts of accordion-plaited chiffon are worn over satin or moire skirts, and during the dance their effect is irresistible, but they are to be carefully guarded against the dampness of the outside piazza. Whole gowns of chiffon are rather an expensive luxury. The material crushes very easily, and after the third hop no modiste can warrant its appearance. Gauze is an excellent substitute. Chiffon ruffles trim a gown to perfection. They come embroidered most exquisitely and form berthas and jabots unequalled in prettiness.

A dinner gown which is also suitable for an evening dance is cream tinted taffeta sprinkled with blurred violets. It is made to show a cascade of ecru lace in front and the large buttons at the waist line are of gilt. With this coat a skirt of cream taffeta is worn.

It is a fad with many of the fashionable girls to have their dancing slippers made from a piece of silk off the same piece as their gown. When, however, the gown is of some flimsy material a suede slipper is worn.

White suede gloves in sixteen or twenty button lengths are worn with dancing gowns.

Occasionally the glove is very finely stitched in the same color as the gown.

A bewitching costume is composed of crepon in the shade of pink known as hollyhock, black and white pekin silk, ribbon to match, and black lace. The underskirt is of pekin silk, the over skirt of accordion plaited crepon is caught up at the left side. A bodice to match is adorned with wide pekined ribbon, confining the waist and forming two puffs of loops in front. The gigot sleeves are looped with the same ribbon describing a windmill with a chou in the middle. A basque of black lace or guipure; a hat of yellow straw, adorned with red ribbons and black feathers; and white gloves are worn with this.

The fashionable parasol has a slender stick, rather longer than short, with a knob on the end. Crooks are out of date, and the knob must be small, scarcely wider than the stick, and oval. This genteel knob is overlaid with gold, and perhaps jeweled, or it is cloisoned, or it is of crystal, with an open gold fretwork over it. Other handles are of carved ivory. The points should match the knob, and very fastidious people buy the set of knobs and points and order the sun-shade made. Heavy guipure insertions laid over color are of crimpled chiffon. Changeable silk is somewhat out of date.

The ribbon-trimmed gown promises to be as much the vogue this fall as throughout the summer. Dark ribbons, preferably black, adorn in profusion many of the new gowns for early fall. A frock of fant cheviot, decked with black and trimmed with black satin ribbon rosettes, is most stylish. The skirt is made plain and full, fitting tightly over the hips and flaring modestly at the hem. A diagonal trimming of rows of graduated black satin rosettes ornaments the skirt near the bottom all the way round. Each row consists of three rosettes, varying in size, the largest at the top, so that they have somewhat the effect of a slanting Vandyke point.

The waist is a short jacket, open in front, to be worn with an accordion plaited full vest or a tailor-made waistcoat. The directoire revers are outlined with a binding of black satin. A black satin belt circles the waist, fastening with a big rosette.

Much novelty is shown in the design of the sleeve. The full puff of cheviot is caught up in front, so that the tight fitting undersleeve is visible above as well as below the elbow. The undersleeve is made unique by a narrow inserted putting of the black ribbon down the front. Otherwise the sleeve is untrimmed.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

About Soup.—If "well begun is half done," as most women have been taught, a good soup means at least half the battle won in serving a good dinner. Good soup is always possible where good stock is kept. The simplest way of making it is to cut soup meat—preferably beef—into small pieces and to put them with salt into the stock pot. Then add the cold water. Let it stand on the back of the stove for an hour; move forward and let it slowly heat to the boiling point. Skim well and continue to skim every ten minutes for the next half hour. Cover the kettle and put it back where its contents will merely simmer for six or eight hours. Then strain and keep in an earthen jar. On this foundation all the ordinary soups can be made. Bouillon is stock made very strong by adding extra chopped meat and letting that cook in the stock. It is seasoned by allowing a slice of carrot, an onion, a little celery, a few cloves, a few sprigs of parsley and a leaf of sage to be boiled with it, tied in a thin muslin bag. They should be removed when the soup has boiled. It should be skimmed and strained until clear.

The various sorts of consomme are made by allowing different sorts of vegetables, such as rice, barley and maccaroni, to cook with the stock which is used.

For tomato soup add to two quarts of stock a can of tomatoes, four cloves, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of salt and a grain of cayenne. Fry an onion, a couple of slices of carrot and four stalks of celery, all chopped, in four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Add the vegetables to the soup and make a thickening of the butter remaining and four tablespoonfuls of flour. Thicken and let the soup simmer half an hour. Strain and serve with fried bread.

To make tomato puree take three pints of stock, a can of tomatoes, an ounce of ham, a tablespoonful each of chopped onion and chopped carrot, a sprig of parsley, a clove, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour, half a teaspoonful of pepper, three teaspoonfuls of salt, one of sugar and a pint of stale bread crumbs. Boil the tomatoes, ham, parsley and clove. Cook the butter and vegetables slowly for fifteen minutes. Skim the vegetables from the butter and add to the tomato. Stir the flour into butter remaining in the frying-pan and cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Add this to the tomato and cook forty minutes. Let the bread crumbs and stock simmer for forty minutes, and strain the tomato mixture through a sieve into the soup. Press the soup through a sieve. Return to the fire and let it boil up once.

Apple Custard.—Two pounds cooking apples, 3 cloves, 1 pint milk, 10 ounces loaf sugar, 2 or 3 bay leaves, a little lemon-peel, 4 eggs, half pint cream. Approximate cost, 50 cents.

Peel and core the apples, boil them gently with the cloves in a little water, with half a pound of powered sugar; when they are quite soft beat them up with a fork and remove the cloves; put the apple-pulp into a glass dish and cover with a rich custard made as follows, into a lined saucepan put 1 pint of milk, 2 ounces of loaf sugar, 2 or 3 bay leaves and a little thin lemon-peel; let them stand on the side of the stove for half an hour; remove the bay leaves and lemon-peel; put into a jug 4 eggs, and whisk them well; pour the milk over the eggs, put the jug into a saucepan of boiling water, stir one way until the custard thickens. Take the jug out of the water, stir for a few minutes; set the custard aside to cool; when cold pour over the apples. Whip half a pint of cream and put it on the top of the custard.

Apple Dumplings.—Six apples, half pound flour, quarter pound beef suet, quarter pint of water, four ounces sugar, six cloves; approximate cost, 20 cents.

Pare and core the apples without dividing them, and fill with sugar and one clove; chop the suet very finely, rub it into the flour, and mix into a paste with the water; roll it out to a thin paste, divide in pieces, roll the apples in it, taking care to join the paste neatly; form into balls and bake for half hour. For boiling prepare in the same way, but tie in floured cloths, and boil from half to three-quarters of an hour.

Bags of various sizes made of seersucker and stitched with double seams are safer receptacles of clothing than trunks and are fully equal to expensive cedar chests.

"WELL DRESSED."

If there is a phrase more misapplied by some persons than another, it is the phrase "well dressed." The first thing to be considered in this connection is fitness. A superb and costly silk, resting upon the questionable straw in the bottom of an omnibus, excites only pity for the bad taste of the luckless wearer. A pair of tight-fitting, light kid gloves, on female fingers, on a day when the windows are crusted with frost, strikes us as an uncalled-for martyrdom; also a pair of high-heeled new boots, with polished soles, constantly threatening the wearer with a humiliating downfall, and necessitating slow and careful locomotion, on icy pavements, in company with a very pink nose. Bows of ribbon, jewelled combs and headpins at breakfast, do not convey an idea of fitness; also, white or pink parasols for promenade or shopping, whether the other portion of the dress is in keeping or not, and more often it is the latter. A rich velvet outer garment over a common dress; a handsome set of furs with a soiled bonnet; diamond ear-rings with shabby gloves; gold watch and trinkets, and a silk dress ornamented with grease spots; sloppy, muddy pavements and pink silk hose—all these strike the beholder as incongruous.

There are women who are slow to understand these things. The season, the atmosphere, and the hour of the day, have no bearing at all upon their decisions as to costume. A woman with restricted means, and unable to indulge in changes of apparel, instead of selecting fabrics or trimmings which will not invite attention to this fact, will often select such a glaring outfit, that the truth she would conceal is patent to every beholder. An inexpensive dress, provided it to be whole, clean, well-fitting and harmonious with its accessories, conveys the idea of being "well-dressed" quite as emphatically as a toilette five times more costly. But what is the use of talking? One woman shall go into her room, and, without study or thought, instinctively harmonize her whole attire, so that the most fastidious critic shall find no fault with her selection. Another shall put on the same things, and then neutralize the whole by some flaring, incongruous, idiotic "last touch," which she imagines her crowning success. She can't do it; and, what is worse, she can't be persuaded that she can't do it.

After all, what does it matter? growls some believer in "Watts on the Mind;" what does it matter what a woman wears? It is a free country. So it is; and yet I'm glad the trees and grass in it are green, not red. I am glad that every flower is not yellow, and that the sky is not a pea-green. Woman is by nature a neat and tidy creature; grace and beauty she strives for, be it ever so dimly. All that intelligently helps to this, I affirm to be a means of grace. It would not be amiss to inquire how much moral pollution and loss of self-respect among the women in our tenement houses is consequent upon their inability, amid such miserable surroundings, to appear in anything but their unwomanly rags. If a woman has a husband who is indifferent whether her hair is combed once a day or a year, still let her, for her children's sake, strive to look an attractive as she can.

"My mother is not so pretty as yours," said one child to another. The keen little eyes had noted the rumpled hair, the untidy wrapper, the slipshod shoe, which were considered good enough for the nursery, unless company was expected. Sickness excepted, this is wrong and unnecessary. Nothing that tends to make home bright is a matter of indifference, and this least of all. How many young mothers, sitting in their nurseries, love to recall the pleasant picture of their mother in hers!—the neat dress—the glossy hair—the beaming face. So let your children remember you. Be not pretty only when company comes.

HALF a century ago Almeron Higby, of Watson, N. Y., who was then only 9 years old, planted in his father's door-yard the stone of a cherry that he had eaten. A tree grew from the stone, and from the time the tree began to bear fruit it was known as the boy's tree. He sold the cherries the tree bore from year to year, and always put away the money that he received for them, even after he grew to manhood and was married and had children of his own. Last summer his health being poor and the cherry tree beginning to show signs of decay, Higby cut the tree down. He had the trunk sawed into boards, from which he made a coffin for himself. A short time ago he became seriously ill. He sent for an undertaker and had the coffin trimmed. He died and was buried a few days ago, and all of his funeral expenses were paid from the money that he had received and saved from the sale of the cherries borne by the tree from which his coffin had been made.

ILLITERACY in the United States, according to a recent abstract of the eleventh census, is very prevalent. Of 47,413,559 persons in the United States above the age of 10, 324,702, or over 13 per cent., were classed as illiterates. The great majority were colored people.

R. R. R.

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Colds,
Coughs,
Sore Throat,
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Headache,
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Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Asthma,
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Quicker Than Any Known Rdy, ease No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and

CURES

Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

J. W. BREWER, Ashburn, Pike Co., Mo.—"One bottle of Ready Relief and one box of Radway's Pills cured five in my family of that terrible complaint, 'La Grippe,' or Influenza."

W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.—"I thank God and you for your Ready Relief and Pills, which have cured me completely of La Grippe."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF aided by RADWAY'S PILLS is the quickest and most effectual cure for

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

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GERMAN SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

Dr. J. M. Rice, who has given a most careful study to the public-school system of the United States, writes an article on "School Excursions in Germany" for the September number of the Century. In the course of his paper he describes one excursion on which he was a guest made by the Pedagogical Seminary at Jena through the Luther country, in connection with a study of the Reformation. The following is the result of his observations during the expedition:

The spirit manifested during the journey was in full accord with the physical features. Indeed, lack of sympathy on the part of the teachers was a characteristic phase of the tour.

As for the boys, although they endured the physical hardships with scarcely a murmur, their behavior in other directions showed a complete lack of manliness. Nor did the feeling of good-fellowship exist. In many of them the tears were always near the surface, and they were shed in profusion on the slightest provocation. If a boy happened to take the smallest liberty with one of his companions, the affair was seldom passed over good-naturedly, the usual result being either a crying spell or a flow of abusive words. One of the pupils wept long and bitterly simply because some one had called him a shoemaker. Worst of all, petty spats arising among the pupils were seldom settled by themselves. Sooner or later the tale of woe was carried to one of the teachers, and the latter not infrequently brought affairs to a close by boxing the ears of one of the boys, it mattered little which. No attempt was made by the teachers to cure the children of their babyishness, and tattling was always encouraged. Once a boy's mental equilibrium was disturbed, he became sullen, and remained aloof from the others for hours. As ill-humor on the part of a few pupils naturally reacted on the other members of the party, the prevailing feeling during the journey was one of gloom. Again, in the evening when the boys were tired, nothing was done to afford them pleasure. And when, after retiring, children were found who failed promptly to fall asleep, their restlessness, which was most likely due to exhaustion, was put down by the teachers as unruliness, and they received as an anodyne a box on the ears.

Although the spirit and the physical features of the described journey may not meet with our approval, it is clear that its suggestive value, from the standpoint of intellectual development, is in no way affected by the former. In themselves the German methods are not antagonistic to sympathy. Is not, for example, the kindergarten—the institution which above all fosters hopefulness, love, and sympathy—a creation of Germany? And are not our progessive schools abounding in sympathy, while their system of instruction is founded on theories evolved by German educators? In a word, as it has been shown in so many directions that when German educational theories are planted in American soil, the fruit begins to approach the ideal, is it not reasonable to suppose hat the same would be true in regard to the school excursions?

HINTS FOR THE TABLE.—Rapid eating is slow suicide.

Plenty of time should be taken.

Fish and oysters are easily digested.

An hour or two of rest should be taken after the meal.

Mere gratification of the appetite is very likely to shorten life.

Dinner should be of a lighter nature in summer than in winter.

It is not good to dine when in a state of mental or physical weakness.

There is a happy mean between eating everything and being squeamish.

A quart of wheat contains more nutriment than a bushel of cucumbers.

Two pounds of potatoes contain as much nutriment as thirteen pounds of turnips.

Light soups, light desserts and light meats should have the preference in warm weather.

Abuse of the stomach at dinner will be repaid sooner or later by that punishment which comes to the glutton.

Vegetables and fruits are to be used most generously at that season of the year in which they naturally mature.

Beginning the dinner with soup is the very best way to get the whole system in condition for assimilating a hearty meal.

THE contents of "Cassell's Family Magazine" for September cover a wide range of topics. Two serials are continued, and there are three complete stories. Other articles are "Pawn-broking Mysteries," "Animals as Bargain Makers," "A Talk on Tomatoes," "The Legend of Sir Joseph Wagstaff" (poem); "Professor Herkomer and His Students," "A Garden of Climbing Plants," "Inventions Overdue," "In a Big Hotel," "The Tower Bridge," music, book gossip, fashion gossip, etc. The number is profusely illustrated and furnishes a generous quantity of excellent family reading. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

"FWAT," asked Mr. Hooghlighan, "is the matty wid your head?" "Mickey Dolan knocked me down wif a half brick," responded his son. "Yez hov disgraced th' family. It is the foorst toime thot a Hooghlighan was iver knocked down wid less than a whole wan."

DIVA AND "ARISTOCRACY."—In his little book entitled "Traveling Stars," just published in Paris, the well-known impressario Schurmann relates some of his adventures with Patti, Madame Bernhardt, and Coquelin—three artists with whom he has been at different times associated. Here is a story of the diva, which shows that M. Schurmann certainly understands how to "manage" his stars.

Patti was to sing on a certain date at Bucharest, but at the last moment she declined to leave Vienna. It was too cold, snow everywhere; she would not risk catching her death of cold.

M. Schurmann was in despair, until a brilliant inspiration came to him. Quickly he telegraphed to his advance-agent in the Roumanian capital, "At whatever cost, Patti must receive an ovation at Bucharest Station from the Italian aristocracy. Send me by return the following wire—'The members of the Italian and Roumanian nobility are preparing to give Madame Patti a magnificent reception. The Ministry will be represented. Processions, torches, and bands. Telegraph the hour of arrival.'"

The advance-agent carried out this instruction, and, when the telegram dictated to him over the wires arrived in Vienna, it was handed to Patti with the desired effect.

"How charming!" she murmured. "What time do we start?"

When they reached Bucharest on the following evening, an imposing demonstration awaited them. Torches were burning, flags flying, bands playing national airs, and numerous bouquets were ready for presentation to the famous singer, who was escorted to her hotel by a number of enthusiastic admirers.

At the hotel door Schurmann beckoned to the advance-agent to enter with him. He explained hurriedly that it would not be safe to do so. He had engaged a number of loafers at two francs a head, hired clothes for them to wear, and so provided a select body of the "aristocracy" for the small sum of about thirteen pounds; but he insisted upon the necessity of keeping his eye upon the "nobility" lest they should make off in their borrowed plumes. We are not told whether Madame Patti was ever informed of the trick that had been played her.

THE BASKET-TRICK.—Amongst the best tricks of the Indian juggler is the disappearance of a boy from a basket in which he is covered up—before the eyes of the spectators. A traveler thus describes it:

Just outside the fort at Bombay we saw the basket trick well done. An old magician exhibited a basket, into which a boy was thrust. The cover of the basket was fastened down, when the lad began to call out. This apparently so enraged the performer that he drew a tulwar, or native sword, and plunged it several times through the basket. This was accompanied by fearful cries from the boy inside, and the sword was dripping with blood. The cries became fainter until they ceased altogether.

When the right moment arrived, the boy came calling as he ran from the other side of the square, bounded into the circle around the magician, and extended his hand for the small coins offered. In the excitement of his return the basket was forgotten by all but the writer, who saw a shawl thrown over it, and it was hurriedly carried away by two natives. The blood on the sword was pronounced to be that of an ox. There were two boys. The holes in the basket admitted the sword only where the boy could avoid it, and he covered the blade with blood carried in a bladder; meanwhile the other boy, very like the one in the basket, was waiting his cue to run in.

Nowhere in the world is the value of striking 'doubles' so appreciated as in India, where all the people of a certain caste resemble each other. This resemblance is further heightened by having clothing, turbans, beards, caste marks, and jewelry exactly alike.

The magicians, while often apparently alone, are really surrounded by confederates. They belong to a caste of performers and are the descendants of performers; consequently they have such confidence in their power to deceive as to impress the beholder and greatly assist the deception. Their garments favor their art in every possible manner, and they are sure of an audience of natives who aid them to deceive the white-faced strangers.

MUSICIANS IN A "FIX."—The famous tenor and father of Malibran was once in Mexico, says a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," giving operatic performances. War broke out, and Garcia was soon on his way home.

Before he reached Vera Cruz a band of brigands met him, and took not only his money and valuables, but also his clothes. In ransacking his things the jolly brigands soon found out that their captive was a singer, so they demanded a song. Garcia positively refused. Then the attitude of the robbers became menacing, and Garcia thought it well to acquiesce. He did so, and was led to a prominent position for the better enjoyment of the song. The great vocalist opened his throat, but could not progress, whereupon the soi-disant patrons hissed and cursed.

This was terrible to bear—insult and derision. Garcia made another effort, and burst into a flight of song which entranced his hearers—so much so that they restored him part of his clothes and valuables, and escorted him as near as they could safely venture to the coast.

Something of a similar experience was once the lot of Cherubini, who had to figure in the role of a fiddler in spite of himself. In the stormy days of 1792 it was a perilous experiment to walk the streets of Paris. During an occasion of more than ordinary excitement the composer of Les Deux Journees, Medee, etc., fell into the hands of a band of sansculottes who were roving about seeking musicians to conduct their chants. To them it was a special gratification to compel the talent that had formerly delighted royalty to minister now to their own gratification.

On Cherubini firmly refusing to lead them, a low murmur ran through the crowd, and the fatal words "The Royalist, Royalist!" went up. At this critical moment one of Cherubini's friends—also a kidnapped musician—seeing his imminent danger, thrust a violin into his unwilling hands, and bade him head the mob. The whole day these two musicians accompanied the hoarse and overpowering yells of the revolutionary horde, and, when at last a halt was made in a public square, where a banquet took place, Cherubini and his friend had to mount empty barrels and play till the feasting was over.

DO SMALL BONNETS CAUSE NEURALGIA?—Many people attribute the prevalence of neuralgia to the custom of wearing small bonnets, but (a fashion correspondent says) it is rather due, if due to headgear at all, to the habit of alternating between bonnets that rest on the back of the head and hats that come well forward to the front. Those who consistently wear small bonnets inure themselves to feeling the breath of heaven play upon the tops of their heads, and feel no inconvenience from it, just as those who never wrap up their throats seldom catch cold in that locality.

NEEDED A HEAD.—A certain distinguished Scottish golfer, who is famous for his erudition, was one day playing a wretched game, and in his humiliation he turned round to his "caddie" and exclaimed—

"How is it that I, a man acquainted with all the art and sciences, the dead and living languages, and all the faculties and attributes, cannot play this confounded game of golf?"

"Weel, sir," said the "caddie," "it's jist this: ye may ken a' aboot they sma' affairs an' wi' things connectit wi' them, but ye maun unnerstaun that it tak's a man wi' a heid tae play gowff."

JOSIAH.

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Humorous.

PROVERBS.

Two proverbs in an ancient book I find,
And on their inconsistency I ponder.
The first says: "Out of sight is out of mind."
The second: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

I made suggestion to the girl I love:
"We'll try it, it's the only thing to do;
Our double evidence will clearly prove
Which of the two is false and which is true.

"This summer, while you wander by the sea,
I in the city live my life Elysian.
I'll neither write to you, nor you to me,
Till in a month we render our decision."

The weeks crawled by, I grow quite thin and pale,
My eyes reduced to mere consumptive hollows;
At length the month was up, and through the mail
There flew two letters which were writ as follows:

Mine read: "Dear love, the test was too severe:
Though long the time, not once my mind did wander;
I think we've proved conclusively, my dear,
That absence makes the heart just ten times fonder."

She wrote: "Dear Tom, I think by now you'll find
Which proverb was the right one after all.
Of course, when out of sight one's out of mind;
I'm to be married in the early fall."

—U. N. Nonx.

Bites the dust—The man who tests coins.

"Heard about Spotty, the butcher's dog? He fell into the sausage machine."

"Gracious! Just imagine his feelings!"

"Yes. He was terribly cut up."

The Gas: "You and I don't stand much of a show when there are a pair of spoony lovers around, do we?"

The Lamp: "Nop; get turned down every time."

Landlady, pouring a glass of water: "For some reason the water is not very clear to-day, Mr. Grumley."

Old Grumley: "Yes, I noticed that the milk was muddy."

Papa, a traveling man: "No, dear, I can't stay at home. I must go away to make bread and butter for you and mamma."

Little Elsie: "Do stay home, papa, and we'll be satisfied with crackers."

Editor: "I regret, Mr. Barnstormer, that my paper referred to your starring tour in the west as a starving one."

Mr. Barnstormer: "Don't mention it. Your statement was absolutely correct."

"What made you tell your mother you had toothache? Now she'll give you medicine."

"Yes, but she'll pay me for taking it, and then we can go and get ice cream."

"Do you know him?" asked a gentleman of an Irish friend the other day, in speaking of a third person.

"Know him!" said the Irishman, "I know him when his father was a little boy!"

Insurance agent: "I called to see if I couldn't insure your husband's life." Mrs. O'Flannigan: "Shure, it wuddent be wore' th' whoile; he wurruks in a powdher mill, an' is liable t' be blowed up at anny minute."

"Cholly!" he exclaimed in dismay.

"What's the matter, deah boy?"

"I may lose my life, don't you know. The doctors say that violent exercise is dangerous."

"Y-a-a-s."

"Well, I'm getting the hiccoughs."

"I have heard it said, Miss Emma, that a kiss without love tastes like an egg without salt. Is that true?"

"I don't know: I really cannot—I have never in my life——"

"Come now, Miss Emma——"

"Eaten an egg without salt!"

A few days ago two men were in a barber's shop. One had red hair and the other was bald-headed.

Red Hair, to Bald Head: "You were not about when they were giving out hair?"

Bald Head: "Yes, I was there, but they only had a little red hair left, and I wouldn't take it."

"Uncle Ephraim," said the police justice, "the complainant charges you with having knocked him down with a white-wash brush and emptied a buckes of white wash all over him."

"Yes, sah," answered Uncle Ephraim, "I done it, jedge. He arsked me of 'possums was fit to eat."

"So you think you can stand the arduous duties of a variety actor? You know in our play we find occasion to throw you down a 30 foot flight of stairs into a barrel of scrap iron."

"I guess I can make it," said the hungry man, who had applied for a job; "I was a collector for an instalment house for three years."

FIT FOR AN EMPEROR.—One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to the horologist was made in London about one hundred years ago, and sent by the president of the East India Company as a gift to the Emperor of China.

The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman. This figure was of pure ivory and gold, and sat with her right hand resting upon a tiny clock fastened to the side of the vehicle.

A part of the wheels which kept count of the flight of time was hidden in the body of a tiny bird, which had seemingly just alighted upon the lady's finger. Above was a canopy, so arranged as to conceal a silver bell.

This bell was fitted with a miniature hammer of the same metal, and, although it appeared to have no connection with the clock, regularly struck the hours, and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond button on the lady's bodice. In the chariot at the ivory lady's feet there was a golden figure of a dog, and above and in front were two birds, apparently flying before the chariot.

This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold, and was elaborately decorated with precious stones of various kinds.

MRS. CAWDELL'S EXTRAVAGANCE.—Mrs. Caudle's curtain lectures to her long suffering husband are well known, but Mr. Caudle's curtain lectures to his wife have never been collected. There have been cases, however, beyond a doubt, where husbands have been as hard to please as Mrs. Caudle herself. Here is an instance:

Mr. Cawdell, as we may call him—accent on the second syllable, of course—had been abusing his wife for buying some articles which he did not regard as necessary.

"Look here," said Mr. Cawdell, "I gave you nine shillings yesterday, and you went and spent it right off, as you know, for a lot of calico and needles and thread, and that sort of thing. Didn't you?"

"Ye es," said Mrs. Cawdell, timidly.

"And I rebuked you for it last night?"

"Yes, you did!"

"Eh? Well, I hope you heartily repented your extravagance?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Cawdell! I cried so much last night that I—I soaked three handkerchiefs!"

"Soaked three handkerchiefs! There you go again—running up a washing bill in that perfectly reckless way!"

DEGRADED BUT PROUD.—There exists in Tennessee a race of people whose origin is a mystery. They are called the Melungeons, and are found nowhere else. They have been traced back to North Carolina, but further than that nothing is known. They are not Indians, they are not negroes, and are certainly not of any known race of white people. But few of them can speak the English language, although they have lived in America for over a century, and the language they do speak is an unknown one to the most accomplished linguist. They are dirty and degraded, but, strange to say, have a race pride which prevents their intermingling with the lower order of natives or with negroes. A Melungeon will work when he is hungry, but only under press of necessity. Every attempt made, so far, to better their condition has been a failure, and yet the race continues to exist independently of the white people, growing no smaller and with the progress of time changing few of its attributes.

AND THE LIONS ROARED.—It is rather difficult to distrain upon a man's goods when his only earthly possessions consist of a cage full of lions. This fact has been forcibly brought home to M. Leclaire, a Paris engineer, who made a perambulating cage for a lion-tamer named Marck. The lions were introduced into a piece called "Les Bicyclists en Voyage," in which an actress danced a skirt dance in the cage, doubtless to the great astonishment of the poor beasts. M. Leclaire could not obtain the 4,500 francs due, whereupon he put the law in motion. A broker went down to seize the wild beasts, who, possibly at the secret instigation of the owner, roared at him so threateningly directly he appeared that he did not care to have anything to do with their removal. M. Leclaire has been casting about for a way out of the difficulty.

SPIES IN GERMANY.—The spy system has grown rapidly in Germany. Every man in business or art is first of all a soldier, and inevitably constitutes himself a watcher, a vedette. It was the Germans who first made espionage one of the chief weapons of a military campaign. For years before the war of 1870 German spies were part and parcel of every strong place in France. They swarmed in the War Office; they held places on the staff; they were part of the Court of the Emperor. Were death the penalty of spying, Von Moltke himself would have stood small chance had the fate of war thrown him into French hands twenty years ago. He traversed all the French frontier disguised, and made with his own hands maps of the fortresses that he regarded as likely to menace his operations.

POET reading his latest effusion to a friend: "Ah! my poem seems to affect you very very greatly—you are weeping?" Friend: "No, simply perspiring!"

FAITHFUL.—A few years ago there died at Perigeat France a retired captain of artillery named Lesgourgues, Knight of the Legion of Honor. His dog, a spaniel, answering to the name of Black, accompanied the funeral procession to the cemetery of Izernore.

Ever since the date of interment Black has walked the distance of nine miles which separates Perigeat from Izernore, climbed over the wall of the cemetery, and gone to lie down on the grave of his master every day at the same hour.

Neither the stone-throwing of the village children nor the efforts of passers-by to draw off his attention have prevented the accomplishment of his self-imposed task.

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No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 5.30, 8.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.20, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 6.20, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 7.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m. Sundays, 6.35 a m, 4.35 p m.

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